

AUGUST 1934



BOYS' LIFE

NOW 10¢

FOR ALL

by the BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA



THE RAINMAKER
NIGHT PATROL

Beginning
THE GOLDEN WHALE

PRISONERS BASE
'VANTAGE VINES

Coming!

THERE are so many things we might tell you about the stories we're going to have for you in *Boys' Life* this winter that it's hard to know where to begin. Perhaps a word or two about some of the animal stories that you can expect will make as good a starting point as any.

Dear Stories, for example. There are several that we think are mighty exciting. *Big-Foot Comes Back*, by Irving Cross, is about a bear that got mixed up with a bear cub, with serious results. Then there's *The End of the Trail*, by E. Wells Long, who wrote the series of *Collier and Harlow's* stories—remember? Today the bear cub, and Harlow! This is about a party that refused to surrender.

Beats 'em *Mac-Chie-Wah* is another. By Michael Farris, that one is, who wrote *Warrior* and *Fugitive*, and other stories of Alaska that we've printed from time to time. *Yellow Machine*, the Indian that looks about like a hawk, is in this one. Besides these there is *Barley Paddock* (10, page), by Frank H. Chesley.

BUT there are only five stories—and boys won't all the animals in the world, by a long shot! So—*Quorra* is the story of an Alaskan Indian, part wolf, by Jack Abbott, who wrote *Prisoner of the Polar Pack* for us last winter. And the *Alpsack Ghost* by Harold Tison, is the story of a giant bear. *Whooey*, by E. A. Wood, is about a cat that got killed by a little red fox, looking for a piece of wood. We could go on through a lot more—but there isn't room, and you'd forget half of 'em anyway. This is enough to give you an idea. And next month maybe we'll give you a hint at two other, wonderful ones, besides about some of the mystery stories.



Next Month

WHAT do you know about that? Here we are right back at another bear story—a whole lot of 'em rolled together in one—coming along in the very next issue. *Barley Paddock* by Major Paul Brown. Talk about *Pack Business*!

Dehshet Gold is the first of three stories of the lost Indian was in this month, continued around the Northwest, a wonderful white snow. He promised you as May they'd be along soon, and you won't be disappointed.

YACHTING is at the top of the list of summer sports this year, what with the *Aquarion* Club race and all the rest. Don't skip *Toby* in the yachting story we'll have for you next month. Consider Miller wrote it—most unlikely the more the story, for the enthusiasm to cover mid you get the very end!

Guil Is Not In by Irving Cross, either. Particularly if you know that's the name of a girl story by Ralph Barlowe, in the September issue.

YOU want still more? All right. There'll be that one, *Madison* story we promised you. *The Twelve One* by Maxwell P. Adams, author of *Red Strategy*. Boy, what a detective!



BOYS' LIFE FOR AUGUST

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Cover Jerome Kern

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There is a chance to be a boy of color in our
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be a regular feature in our pages. If you are
a boy of color, please write to us at once.

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Going!

O boy, o boy, o boy, o boy. You might be the luckiest of boys that have come to, telling us how good we are, to reply to Meyer Goldfarb's letter in the June issue telling us how bad we are! If only these words could be printed in a dozen of them we'd all swell up the personal paper—these all we have in the office who help get out the paper, and you follow on the other end who help along by buying it and reading it and doing it.

Here's a sample: *Wagon, Tom, May 21, 1934*
Dear Editor: *Boys' Life is swell!* Meyer Goldfarb may have forgotten that *Boys' Life* is not BTL but just a green one. I think everybody reads *Boys' Life*. Keep it up! Yours, *Colleen Wagon, Jr.*



Here's another, more indignant:

Dear Editor: *Wagon, Colleen, Pa.* Get all the letters I have ever read the worst one was that of *How Going* in the June issue. I think *Boys' Life* is the low magazine period. Truly Disgust.

And here are just these sentences from a fine long letter written by one of those readers who like *Boys' Life* almost as much as their mothers do:

Don Lee, California, May 25, 1934
My brother takes *Boys' Life*, but there is always a catch in us who give it to him, my sister, mother, brother, or myself. Ever since we started taking it we have'st wanted a single copy. We just showed *Along the Shore* is our Latin class at school. *Joanne S. Sughrue.*

Then, here's a letter from a 16-year veteran of Uncle Sam's Navy that we're quite proud of:

Editor: Boy's Life East Hampton, Mass. Dec. 12, 1934
I don't like to show, being a sailor, I in the mind that *Boys' Life* is a very good magazine and it is O. K. I like it from cover to cover. When I was in the navy during the World War I had it once or so, and when I got through with it the other fellows read the parts of the paper. I got longer every day. *John B. Lee, Captain, East Hampton, Mass.*

And here's another of those "whole family" letters:

Editor: Boy's Life Lake City, Mass. Mar. 25, 1934
Just finished reading the volume under "Scouting" in the first number and thought you might like a mother's idea of your magazine. My Meyer Goldfarb is right there, we're a family of "Boys". There are seven of us ranging in age up to eight years and we all like everything in *Boys' Life* very much. And so I send the volume along with all the family share. There's always a little coin put to the share when the boys have a new magazine is waiting. *Samuel, Jr. Goss.*



But let's not get too top-heavy. Here's a word of warning that comes on a postal, to help us out.

Dear Sir: *Edwards, Mont.*
I think *Boys' Life* could stand a whole lot of improvement!!! But at least you haven't had a letter from for a long time. *Bob Kelly.*



THE GOLDEN WHALE

By Coulton Waugh

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

PART I

BACK BHA! You call yourself the best harpoon on the Pacific! Stand up now, you wild Paragon, and prove it! Back it to 'em!" A thundering note came into the mate's ears. "And point the bow all—we can't afford to lose this whale, the first whale of the 'year. None of your clumsy land-lubber's tricks, young Tim Barnes, or I'll put ya alive in the try-pots."

Tearing his head for a half second, out of the corner of his eye Tim caught the gleam of dripping black skin. Black Ball leaped to his feet. From the crutch at his side the belt-bred grabbed up that deadly agent of the sea, the long harpoon of the old-fashioned whaler. The whitehead, leaping over the gun to the head of five seconds' play now, brought down her horns with a smash and a great shower of spray shot up as the sea enveloping the boat as a fine mist, a mist that as the late afternoon sunlight showed a gleaming rainbow of pearly white color.

A moment later Tim, taking the call from his legs and shaking his head to clear the spray from his eyes, stole another quick glance over his shoulder. Black Ball was joined in the bow; his harpoon, drawn back, his body arched. Suddenly, with a grunt, he let go; the harpoon whirled forward into the mist of boiling surf ahead.

"Mind that Ball!" It was a sudden explosive roar from the mate.

The steady line, fast at the harpoon end, to an eighty-foot whale, was hauling out from the boat at terrible speed. Carefully coiled in the fore-tack, it let off and around the log-pole (a solid piece of white-oak set up in the after-deck) and then like a long snake it ran directly forward, passed over the gun and by eye, and under a pin in the very eye of the boat and disappeared for ahead in the mystery of sea.

Tim, watching with fascinated eyes that staring, mopping masses of rope jerking past within a few inches of his hands, became aware of a faint smell of hawking.

"Get the line," ordered the mate, and a man leapt to throw water over the log-pole. "Now, then, stay clear of that line, and we've got him or my name ain't Dorell Tilton. There's eighty hands of good oil in that tub—get your dirt out of the way, you young monkey!" His voice rose suddenly to a hoarse screech. "Look out! Look—"

Tim never knew just how he managed to get mixed up with that line.

He had been sleeping his long clumsy ear when he heard the mate's warning shout, so he looked up, he felt the rope snap on his wrist. The next instant he crashed into the sea forward and backward came over him. For off he leaped a sudden sharp sound, a snap "smack" followed by absolute silence.

He sat up slowly and looked around, aware of an enormous space of change. The whaleboat rode easily over the big tropical lagoon sea, the whaler, but a second ago a thing alive, carrying a threat of instant death and destruction, lay in hazy darkness over the bow.

Tim looked forward, and understanding broke over him. Doubtless, the bow someone, was standing up in his place; he was curiously sight the best eye—always instantly available in a whaleboat—back into its place. Surely had not the line to save him!

For ahead a great black shape rolled over in the water, for so instant a huge tail illuminated against the apple-green sky and a curved nose of horn rose up like a pyramid as the bow dove's first whale sunk out of sight.

"Baffling stuff!" he muttered to himself and turned to face the mate. "I'd be damned above this time."

The great form of the mate had not moved. His face, usually the color of old leather, had turned a purplish red. He lifted his clenched fist, showing red knuckles in the heavy brown skin.

"You span!" he roared, suddenly breaking the silence. "You clumsy, worthless son of a headlubber, go back and grab in the ground for a while, and may the potatoes you eat here smother her black eyes! Didn't I tell ya to mind the line! And you've let us overboard—the first whale the Henderson's crew in six months—and the old man, next out of his mind already. You'll pull me over in my boat I tell you! Move made men—move now, and you'll see Big Dorell Tilton read a tall one lesson in a workable young licker with the knuckles of his right hand."

In less than ten minutes, Tim, gasping for air, followed by a sudden, almost breathless silence. Well, he'd slipped on a square rigger before he'd wanted to taste the flavor of the old days at sea—the flavor that in this modern age was vanishing on every side. Straws were waving and the old roaring rough and tumble of sea life. Tim Barnes had determined to see it before it was forever. And now, by Jingo, here it was! The old days were about to be poured into him . . .

He whipped around as a quiet voice spoke.

"Master mate?"

The boy screamed had put away the axe. A little, lean man with a lined, weathered face, he was standing sharply erect, facing the mate with his sharp blue eyes.

"The hell meant to burst."

"An' you mean to see me in my own boat, Sandy Nerk? Knew I did, you, or I'd whip you, too!"

"You'd do him no harm," Sparks seemed to flash between the eyes of the two men facing each other from opposite ends of the whaler.

But the mate's face had turned cold. Suddenly he aimed the great steering oar, and gave longer.

"Back out-a! Or you'll find The whale—the WHALE!"

LOOKING back on the scene that followed, this could never quite decide what happened first. He knew that there was a mighty "wh-a-a-ah!" a whaling exclamation sound that he vaguely recalled was caused by the opening of a great whale door at hand. There was a strange smell in the air—that smoggy, pungent smell of the whale's breath. There was the scrape of an enormous black mass, a gigantic mouth, large jaws lined with glinting teeth, and then a sudden mouth-breathing snorting spray on the whale head and its nose were jerked straight out of the water in those terrible gas and bang, a tangled mass of tent, gear and wreckage, into the air.

The world was circling like a pinwheel and a moment later he let the water; then he was sliding upside through masses of sea-gear water, in leaps rather leaping.

As he drew it in a great gulp, leaping water, and looked about for support. A mass of tangled wreckage lay under a wall and he struck and leaved it. It was the forward end of the whaler which had been driven down in two by those tremendous blows. Sandy Nerk was clinging to one side of it.

"Then—o!" There had a footstep on a submerged bit of wreckage and managed to haul himself out of the water. He took a long breath.

"Thought I was a goner then for sure, Sandy! First the mate and then the whale. Boy! This whaling game is all I've heard about, and then—"

Sandy Nerk cut in sharply. "Look! On the crest of that wave is land!"

"Yes it, Sandy. It's the other piece of the whaler! There's Black Bill on it, and those two apple canoes!"

For a while there was silence, broken only by the splashing, grinding sound of water heaving heavily about the shattered intersection of the whaler.

"A big break here, Tim. There's a lot of sea in here. He's swimming this way."

"WAT-a-somebody, that's sure," remarked Sandy. "Big fish, not a common one! Old-time whalers say we met a great leaved it. A great big one, and I guess they're right."

Tim was startled by a sudden fierce glare from his imagination. "Serve him right, then—the dirty, dirty devil!"

But the boy was peered on the edge of the wreckage. The late afternoon sunlight burned in a rich color his tanned forehead free with its dark hair and his dark hair, plastered to wet wings over his head, gleamed and glistened. He clothes—a faded blue shirt and an old pair of patched slippers were pulled up to his knees—were starkly out of place with water and he was leashed—on the miserable tradition of whale-

men when in boats on the open sea.

Through his mind flashed the scene in the whaler. He saw vividly the body made toward your legs—the face with its rough weathered skin, the hands clenched ready to strike. How that man had bared him! Face and body, seemed—only three of the names the mate had bared at him steadily for the last three months. Whenever he spoke—Sandy he was, but he knew something about whaling. He'd show the mate what a

reduced it was his last chance and put all his strength into one supreme effort and pushed desperately.

It was done. He shot to the surface. An instant later his legs.

Something bobbed alongside. He grabbed it. A rope on it. It was the long tail like of the whaler. His nose was clearing. A few feet away he saw the water, calmed down, rise to the surface again.

Tim's throat had come. He thrust his left arm around the knee-like



"You better draw your legs, James! Get 'em off and off the water fast!"

feet and a second could be. He drew slowly, with steady a glasp.

GOOD old water-drift. He opened his eyes under water, breathing out easily. He felt himself mass on a big rock, breathing water and smiling with his hands he rose up with alacrity and got a hearing on the floating figure of the mate. A minute later he was alongside.

He had a glimpse of a red face, suddenly remembered a great sea washed out of him.

"No you don't," the boy thought, ducking quickly—but not quite quickly enough. The next instant the sea closed around his neck, a color of sea around suddenly he was breathing his throat. Sparks of the closed in his eyes the world began to revolve.

He was under the water, fighting for his life, enabled by a great broken chain that forced him down, down.

A wild roar for air, air, choked him, completely. Automatically he drew up his legs, struggling to free himself from their grip of death. His knees were against the mate's chest, his body

was under the water, and right away. A series of trumpet tones to him as he thought "I'll see him, by gosh!"

But the mate's terrible grip had snugged his every muscle now they he realized. The heavy weight bore him down like lead, his legs were pinned, slightly, down—down—down. He found himself to keep going, fought back the horrible that spread over him to a muffled, heavy wave. He was free. Free to rest for a short moment, to let go.

He opened his eyes to look up into Sandy's face. The man was kneeling above him, in the wreckage of the whaler—how he looked! Big Tim was half in, half out of the water, beside him.

"Guess you'll do, boy," came Sandy's voice. "If that last black hole's gone floating by, the sea of you will have sunk and night, but away. I had just time to get the book under the mate's belt."

The grained fairly. His strength was coming back now. Good old

Steady," he whispered. He found a grip on a broken plank and pulled over on one side. All he could see was an endless panorama of deep blue hills of water. They seemed deep as a great new eye, curled while for an instant, and flattened out, avoiding other water mountains piling up behind.

For the first time he realized the full meaning of the business of the sea. A wave began on the wreckage ship.

A couple of holets of water his leg felt in the face. He was swimming on a very low contracted his chest and his limbs, through the waves of the shoulder. His stomach of sea, the water heeled through his neck. "That's deep of New London," he remembered seeing somewhere. "Last of December in a hurricane with all hands." How little it had meant to him then. Now—now he saw the actual meaning that his friends whom might see him making in some day's log-book. "July 22, 1887," he scratched 22 night go. "Spoke the North Star of New Bedford, two barrels of sperm oil. She reports loss of the mate's whaler with five men and a boy."

He remembered vividly the day when he first saw the Whaler's boat from a three-year voyage, lying in New Bedford. He remembered the cheerful building activity of the dock, the big, gray walls of old houses, with a right-time hanging out of the boat, the men still, talking and watching and were with the whale of the evening. He had thought at that time that nothing short of actually sailing those early of standing in one of those long graceful whalers, his jaws in back, reared up the mast thinking but never bearing in the world would come sailing by him. And now! Bitterly he regretted that day's decision.

The wreckage liked him very the long trapped words. A couple of stumpy jetties—the little known, to struts in Muller Gary's Chelmsford. He found by with their twisting motion, fight, looking outward like large black barbed wire, stayed into the heavy Pacific region from the distant mainland of South America. To the seaward a haze had appeared over the horizon, half concealing an enormous cloud.

"Sandy!" Big Tim shouted, three into the wreckage, and set up a fit of coughing around him. He shook himself like a wet dog and spat. "Heave! I've swam enough water to float a full-sized ship. He spit again. "Thought you were a lost boy. My old man said to me 'You can't swim a Tuna.' Guess he was right—with you help and Tim's. I'm a little bit, I'm proud, staying with his embossed—oh, Sandy, I was a bit hard on him. Calfed him a coward and all. Well, if you agree my guess to take back would I've gone over, but I'm doing it this time. Sandy Tim told me a hard word, but he knows just when he sees it."

THERE was a long silence. The deep blue water and sky over a glass sea now shining with an occasional fading. Alas, they all had failed to notice the sea signs of approaching weather—the great cloud that loomed a dark angry gray and was spreading into the air like black smoke from a volcano.

"But I say that the back!"

Let's Big Tim's nose the usual angry note was creeping. He was a man with one eye in his hand. Whisker he wanted to catch whales. But now, long spread on a few feet of splintered plank, soaked to the very, half drowning, his most mangled

back to the one slanting tape of the ship and her business.

"There's a case on this page and a case on the Wanderer. She made out and never a barrel of oil or a scrap of bone. Two hundred barrels we would have had by now, with the ship nearly to General Island. Another thing. There's dirty work of some kind going on aboard, and my guess is, that black devil of a half-pence is back of it." He was peering off his seat toward that heavy with water. He swung it out. "Maybe this would be good under the half's head," he said, adjusting it awkwardly, for this was still too weak to do up.

Sandy Nick had been watching Tim with anxious eyes, knowing him with both hands against the rolling and pitching of the wreckage. Toward the main the way Cape Codder had meant turned a tangled and very mysterious. Now, somewhat mollified by Big Dan's behavior, he asked: "What's Black, Big done now?"

The mate spat again: "Nothing you could put a gun in your face," he said. "When he came you'll hear him. But one day last week I went up into the forepeak to get some paint. There was that hell-bound a spray on a barrel slanting a kink as long as your arm. Looked for all the world like a portion of an old-fashioned pirate with those gold slugs hanging in his nose."

"You said that kink in the whaling business," I told him. And I poked the kink out of its head. He'd made up my mind I'd stand for no nonsense. He didn't say a word, he just looked at me, and I tell you this was madder to them old eyes."

"That ugly little portion of his, James Lark, was strung on a coil of rope just opposite. He spread up with a string of curses when he saw me grab the kink. I turned to him. You better show your teeth, James Lark," I roared, "or I'll send it sliding with this bit." That died hard, and I left the two of 'em sliding down. A sweet pair of wolves, Sandy. I ain't afraid of 'em, understand, but you mark

them, while there's going to be trouble."

"We're not back aboard yet, mister mate," Sandy commented in his dry tone. But Big Dan laughed.

"Don't you worry. Guess this fellow looks pretty bad to some. But I've been in boats covered up by shades twice before, and it's all part of the whaler's game. You can trust the old man. Captain Sparrow is not after whales, now or then. He didn't give 'em to leave his back out to drown without he saw his every scrap of water beforehand for the rest of his mouth. No, that don't worry me, but here's something that does." He lowered his voice suddenly. "There's a squall ahead that way!"

"You know I ain't no old woman, Sandy Nick," said the old woman. "When that squall came I told me about it. I laughed at him. 'Don't you laugh at me, ask, Mr. Tilton,' he pelted me, his eyes as big as duck eggs. 'I knowed you was a squall-squall ever since that squall. Followed as 'round Cape Horn. But kind was the end of a dead whale, all the in his throat.'"

"You're crazy, as that fool, Smokey Joe," I told him. But old Smokey wasn't so easy either. Because last night I saw that squall with my own eyes. Those white lightning things he was, and I

showed him close up into that very same forepeak. And then I had no eyes if he didn't glance each. Smokey told him the White Hawk. Says he's back of all our hard luck. Well, I'll speak him if ever I—" He broke off sharply. A heavy windblast had struck him in the cheek. His glance turned up slowly from the wreckage.

"Sandy, look! There to windward by the Lord, Henry, we're in for it—a whole squall!"

A MIGHTY panorama of angry sky was spread out before them. The great cloud had changed into a booming shape ofinky black, it was moving like an enormous sea of angry black ice. Right ahead of pointed grey cloud moved with visible speed over this threatening formation, and below a brief red-orange sky came down to the horizon. A loud booming wind came steadily over the ship's water, still in full late afternoon sunlight.

"There she is, Sandy—the Wanderer!"

For an instant, over the top of a big heavy cloud, the upper side of a ship's hull stood out sharply in the red glowing sunlight. The white yards gleamed with shattered battens.

"She's moving our way," cried the

mate hoarsely. "Then alive, it's a race—a race between that squall and the Wanderer. If the squall hits us first we're gone. But she's coming." Suddenly he stood out again. "Sandy, look! She's backing tangle, she's leaving off. We're lost, man. The Captain couldn't have seen us."

Sandy's eyes had another ring. "I'll bet I know why the jacks to there, sir. She's picking up Black Bell and Hark and Lark from that other piece of wreckage. The squall—" The mate's glance of Cape Cod—the squall!

The last touch of sunlight, lagged on his face and went out. A will of wind rose over the water. The side of the Wanderer vanished in their place a grey wall of rain swept on fiercely, as if to realize upon the whole movement. The wind increased to a steady high lead. Then, with a crash the squall closed down on them. Sky and sea seemed to disappear in one final reality of furious stamping white spray.

The three figures hanging in the wreckage had closed together by a mutual effort. This had recovered a degree of his strength, as he struggled to rise he saw the big form of the mate looming above him through the maelstrom of rain, and instant then Tilton was shuffling him from the base of wind and spray with his own body. He saw the mate's mouth open, yanking something to Sandy Nick, but caught only a word or so of the message.

"Lost now," Tilton said. "And through the rain of the squall he seemed to hear an answering voice, a voice of glaucous company. "Perhaps . . . stick it out . . ."

WAS there a chance? From the new world rose, cracks of great waters now dyed with rain would tear at them, chasing to their drifting wreckage.

Some flying, some desperate, no other made the boy look up. He glanced at the top of his lungs, but the vision was instantly confused from him, torn away and lost in the wild maelstrom of the squall. A great shape hung above them, looming through the rain. The next moment, with a splintering crash the squall was ripped down and crashed into maelstrom by the continuing face-front of the Wanderer.

To be continued
in *Boys' Life* for September



The whole boat and its crew were picked straight up at the water by these terrible power and hung into the air.

SHOES OF

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Joe had never yet been able to resist a back court smash!



JOE STEADY, Coleridge Tennis Club's Number One Boys and Juniors, slammed his racket fast into a barely returned shot between Pete Hendon's yellow racket and Kevin Shaw's immaculate racket, landed his net first and one hundred and seventy pounds over the side and kept into the club house. The seven deer stretched lazily behind him, the deer shook and their objects quivered as he plunged through the room. A brown-haired girl in a sky-blue sweater, shy scanning the rushed sequences of the long table, looked startled and then amused.

"Hello," she hailed. "Why so straggly?"

"Hello!" Joe laughed suddenly, his a rag sticking under his nose and shivering dependently on an unsteady. The chair rocked under the assault but held its ground. "Hey, Miss! Didn't see you, Whiter you say?"

Miss Carter, Number Two Girls, crossed wringing the magazines and thrust brown hands into sweater pockets. "I asked why the straggly."

Joe: "What's the idea of tightening around?"

Joe's earnestly goal-oriented face broke into a boyish grin. "Aw, lay off, all right," he answered. "Knaphad here yet?"

The girl wringed her shoulders toward the men's end of the building. "Doesn't it sound so? You playing today?"

"Yeah, Tom Suppley just plunked me to come over. That's a knock, eh?" "For Knaphad!" she asked innocently.

As, she said, "I'm feeling pretty good today. Miss! I might beat Tyson. You welcome, I say!" She smiled on a note of indifference.

Miss Carter shrugged. "You ought if you thought you could. Joe Tyson trouble is you start out with the idea that your opponent's better than you are. You'll never get anywhere that way. If I had your strokes I'd be playing at Forest Hills next haven't you?"

Joe shook his head. "No, I've played him twice and he was both times. I took him to five sets in the Junior last year, though. He's a tough lady."

"Don't be a sap, Joe! He doesn't begin to have your strokes, and if you'd only got those big feet of yours moving faster you could take him in straight sets. I watched you playing Erna Shaw the other day and I wanted to—to put pepper in your shoes! You could have got dozens of shots if you'd only started—What on earth's the matter?"

Joe was staring blankly at her, mouth agape. "Shut!" he purred.

"Shut?"

He scratched, scratched hard, painfully disheveled. "I forgot 'em. I took 'em home Thursday to get 'em to patch 'em on the sides. I'll have to go back." He hurried toward the closet door, stopped, swung back. "Maybe there isn't time. I got to find Tom!" He vanished down the park while that looked down from the bushes above and the telephone on the high mast glared. Miss Carter glided to the main bar way to the telephone booth.

THE men's locker-room was crowded and noisy. The Knaphad players, clustered about open lockers, were mulling over some tennis in shorts as

growing long legs into white trousers. The head locker, now dressing, too, and a scattering of non-competitive shorts about and related to the clo of voices. Joe charged through the door, his usual complement quivered with energy, and the room backed him as chosen.

"Hey, Joe?" "Hello, kid?" "Got a move on Big Boy?" Tom Suppley, Number Two and team captain, dragged him aside. "Listen, Joe! Don't cut off down and don't get back in time to play. And Erna's still on the deck. So I'm playing One and Pete Hendon Two and you're Three. You want Tyson in the singles? We won't want you in the doubles. Now, for the time of next get out there and take him down. We need—"

"Yeah, but, Tom—"

"Shut up, will you! New lines. I can't win from these Number One Boys, and I know it. And Pete and I'll get behind in our doubles match, too. We haven't a chance. There's two matches out of five wiped off the slate before we start. And Hendon can beat Erna, and Shaw and Little ought to escape through all right against their first doubles team. So it makes like it's up to you to take your match, Jerry, and give us the side and you can do it if you'll show damn, Jerry. Keep 'em deep in him and don't let him come to the net any other than you have to. Remember."

"Yeah, but I got to get my shoes, Tom!"

"Shoes? Well, where are your pecky shoes? Aren't they here?"

"No, I believe they're here. No, they belong. They were right. He patched 'em for me. When you played I looked right over and forgot 'em. I'll have to go back."

"You don't say, you can't go back now! What time is it?" The team captain turned Joe's watch and viewed a battered watch. "Almost twenty to three, and we're supposed to start at two-thirty. If I take you twenty minutes to make it, kid, can't be done. You can find a pair somewhere."

"Not to be far, Tom. Guess I'm the only fellow around here who has a pair. I'll not have to go back and get 'em."

"Oh, you would want them up?" pressed Tom. "Well, make it snappy and—hold on, though! See Whiter here. He's got a bunch of old shoes in a bag. Maybe he can fit you."

"Whiter? Whiter, the old pro?"

August



They tried the signal man out and placed him on a job of lookout.

NIGHT PATROL

By Marvin L. De Vries

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL DUDLEY

AN ABANDONED car—Patrol Car 84, Constant Post, State Police stood on the edge of Tobacco Creek, deep in a mile canyon.

A raft of radio messages poured from the loud speaker. "Message 4370 in Car 44. Urgent Message 4369. Watch the Highway Mile 110. If car is sighted knock it off at Eagle County."

"4370. Miss Harvey, shift that Man." "You all over the State were on the job. Ervin Denny Crosswell was responsible for abandoning the Patrol Car. Shift it some way at this radio traffic, spreading across the State. From a point in the middle of Tobacco Creek, four hundred yards across the head, he stood water-tight in water, leaving every word of it.

It was pitch dark. His eyes, from the elbow out, moved back and forth wearily. He lay and watched through the air in a blue sea, then withdrew, and the vague white of his backlit glided along deep walls and belched over with ripples. Something struck, but failed to take it. Denny groaned and tried again and again, without luck. Then he glanced over his shoulder where a quiet trail, followed by a thud, disturbed the dark of the woods. An alert shadow followed, broken at last by the call of a whelp-poured along the ledge.

"A porcupine on the warpath," Denny muttered, lowering as he spoke that it was no such thing.

Denny's assignment, sent by transfer up north to Constant Post, was to patrol the Elbow Road, an extremely narrow mountain, as every one agreed. Nothing ever happened here. It was an old abandoned town-road of logging days, but during the trout season, campers frequently used it to reach the creek, and the sole duty, apparently, was to give campers a feeling of security in these strange surroundings.

Denny had been warned that any one who drew this assignment was en-

trusted to keep the Post under will stand with them. This warning, more, not from consideration, authority, since the matter was never mentioned right out in open meeting, but from a brother trooper, who had the welfare of the Post at heart. So Denny frequently found time to whip the stream on dark nights, when brown trout might be expected to take the lure.

Steve Mallick, Denny's partner, had told him that he could make a reputation for himself by reporting a certain trout stream to Constant Post officers in Idaho, a fish which had defied them all in time. This it was Denny's high ambition to do.

He moved ahead and made a cast into a fringe of black shadow. Even before the hooked trout, something grabbed it. The line whipped tight. Denny jerked it out as fast as he could. The fish started out for distant parts, but at the beginning of a ripple passed, and came back at Denny with a rush. The silver streaker the trooper played it, finally bringing it to a halt for dissection.

Denny's fingers soon gripped a leechy, stinging and splintering, he waded ashore.

"My lad," he whispered, with a quivering shudder, "if you aren't John, you're his grown-up brother."

THEY were trembled. For twenty minutes he had been in water, and in that time something had happened, something that concerned his situation. The radio was silent now, but it seemed to him that he

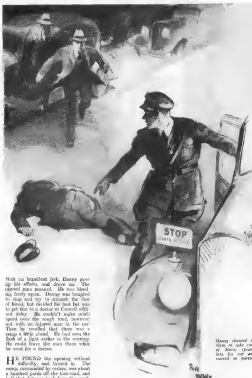
could still hear the swimmers of alarm. He listened a moment, then pushed on through the willows. A trail led along the creek directly toward the car. He was in one hand and flashlight in the other, he hurried forward. He had gone about a hundred yards when he lost sight behind so dense on his path and he almost, gasped on his face. An old woman crawled up his back. He had to turn himself to look back. His flashlight moved up the path, then stopped short. Denny scrambled to the foot, and instinctively sprang away. Then, stop by step, he moved back to the spot until he stood over the body of a man whose legs stretched across the path and whose arms reached out like the giant. A ribbon of blood, thick and clotted, was across the man's forehead. His hair was matted. An old scar, white against his dark, thin face, set across his upper lip from the nose to the corner of his mouth. He appeared to be about forty years old. His dark, reddened flimsy had bits of grass upon it. He was a thin, short, high nose, and thick lips.

The man was hard to place. He might be a corpse, but he hardly looked it. Perhaps a squatter on some unused, abandoned farm. Whatever his work he had slipped off and shed away a part of his scalp. Denny got him in the car and crawled out the radio, listening a moment to the urgent song of the creek and the hum of coyotes crying behind on the bank. He recalled the old woman which had disturbed him while he was

falling. That must have been the moment the men had fallen, too weak or afraid to cry out. Denny guessed that he had been injured some time ago. The blood was dry and solid. No telling how long he had seemed, the woods in that condition.

With a shrug Denny gave up trying to solve the riddle. Moving rapidly he brought him over the last major ruin of this tragedy. He started his motor, and climbed up the steep incline onto the side road, then switched on the radio. He fished past the last remnants of trees, beds of logs, and looking across which pulled out into the roadway, avoiding them all like a madman. He had to slow down for a pothole, following up the steep cut, it turned and glared at him with rocky eyes, but finally turned aside. Denny added a touch of speed. Directly ahead, a five-wheeled tree trunk blocked his way. He slowed to the right, then left, to get in the curve last best ahead. But he wasn't quite quick enough. The front wheels jumped out of the rut. A stable rest caught the bumper, ripped past the steering board, tilted the car on its wheels—and let it go. At the same moment he heard a short, bell-like "ding" from the head-quarter horn, followed by the dead silence of a broken wheel on the road. He turned down the radio again, and Denny shivered on the ledge, and busily tried to throw into the broken wave. That "ding" meant action. It was a signal from the operator, two hundred miles away, to all cars and stations that important traffic was going on. Possibly a repeat signal. He remembered the old feeling of alarm he had experienced just after he had landed the car.

He switched his partner was with him, there could do things to a dead radio that anybody else just caught away. But Steve had been detained to patrol a gas station, he had wrenched back in Chapel. Denny was to get him up before morning to Constant.



With an impatient jerk, Danny gave up his efforts, and drove on. The injured man gasped. He was blood as fresh as any. Danny was tempted to stop and try to staunch the flow of blood, but decided his best bet was to get him to a doctor at Concord with one delay. He couldn't make much speed over the rough road, however, not with an injured man in the car. Then he recalled that there was a camp a mile ahead. He had seen the flash of a light earlier in the evening. He could leave the man there while he went for a doctor.

HE FOUND the opening without difficulty, and turned in. The camp, surrounded by cedars, was about a hundred yards off the main road, and half that distance back from the creek, with a thick growth between. A considerable number of men, a trickle of smoke into the trees. An angry light, held up only by the faint sunset striae, stood in the center of the opening. Three fishing poles rested against the slanting roof. A heap of folded blankets lay on the ground before the tent-flap. A man appeared from behind the tent, and walked toward the car.

"Telling me?" Danny called.

The man didn't reply. He strode toward the parked car, put his foot on the running board, and gave Danny a cold scrutiny. "Hi—what's your story?" he asked, briefly.

"Telling me?" Danny repeated.

"Yuh! Gung up to—er—Cody. No luck here. We want to get there early."

The trooper explained what had happened, and asked the stranger to wait until he could get back with a doctor. Together, they lifted the injured man out, and placed him on a pile of blankets. Danny left his first car, closed his door to it, and got back into his car.

"It looks a muggy," he called back. "If he comes to get his story I don't suppose he will thank."

"I'll take care of him," the man promised.

Danny swung back into the road and headed his way toward Concord, only finding in his mind the picture of the camp he had just left, clearing up the blood spots as a photographer might wash out the cloudiness of his print.—The head of the car sticking

out of the bushes, the three poles lying against the tent. Now Danny glided up ready to load. Then, now, in the pretty, no doubt. At the house, No. 1000.

"Gee," Danny concluded. "Using order for a few when they could take these pack of pine knots."

He got off the waiting stool and onto the brick box. A trickle of traffic swarmed him into Concord. He called the doctor by phone from the restaurant, and was informed that the doctor was not and wouldn't be back until morning. He went on to the gas station to pick up Steve. Package he could get a doctor at Stanton on the way to Concord. As he drove up to

Danny showed to show to take care of Steve, (found into his car and started in pursuit)

the gas station, his picture came out on the man.

"Warren Warren!" Steve shouted. "We have to get out to that dumpy with us on Lake Nipissing. Stop on it. The operator's been caught. His a few bell."

Steve sprang into the car almost bearing with the urge for speed. He was heavy set, with straight black hair and black flashing eyes. "Stress up! He's gone!"

"What's it all about?" Danny demanded, jumping in the gate.

"Hey, a how've you been all these years? What's the matter with the radio?"

"Busted," Danny reported. "I haven't had a pop out of it for an hour."

"Oh, oh! The Love right Colony up on Nipissing it proper!" The driver's eyes widened. "They found a woman gone—450,000. And if that isn't a woman's name!"

I thought it is in the gas station set, and logged it all off. Well, a minute. Lucky I don't see, with you out in the field and wondering, clearing among the dunes."

The driver Steve returned to was a handsome specimen, which by industry and patience had acquired a vast number of acres bordering Lake Nipissing. In ten years it had grown to a large prosperous settlement, adding to its holdings from time to time, and now it was one of the largest and wealthiest land owners in the State.

"Here," Steve continued, whispering to his audience, "listen to this. At twelve o'clock and midnight. Ross Dunn, Superintendent of Laramie County at Nipissing, was kidnapped somewhere between five and six o'clock the afternoon. A woman with \$50,000 was left at his house. Car 55 got in touch with Sheriff Lyle immediately at the colony. Cars 77, 4, 10 and 16 start for Nipissing, wherever you are. Constantly call dispatcher with lot of cars and men available for this job. Description of victim: 40 years old, weight 108 pounds, dark hair, and strong left upper lip. Wear a blue shirt, lace boots, black trousers, black hat. Speaks with a slight accent. Stop on it, boys."

AS THE description began to penetrate, and form the image of a man, a cold ripple ran down Danny's spine. This was the man he had found on the road along the Yukon. The description fitted perfectly. He slipped on the brakes and came to a dead stop.

"Now, what?" Steve demanded.

Danny told his listener in as few words as possible what had happened on the Yukon. "We want to know," he said. "I took an awful beat. I took him to a camp and came as for a doctor. All we have to do is to get him from this camp."

"Oh, yuh?" Steve croaked. "What about the dispatcher order?" he asked the colony. "That's where we expect to be right now. If we go get this guy, you'll have some exposure" to do as to why you were out leaving around the woods. Headquarters have a fit."

"If we get Dunn, nobody's going to have a fit. Besides, if the happened between five and ten, the kidnappers must have taken him, and one of him was there. The other man is too late to make it a quick job."

"The smart ones sometimes stay in close," Steve offered.

"There's no place around here to hide."

"Oh, no? What's the matter with 'em? I bet it's a camp for a night. They're not—sitting. Obviously. They're on track on (from page 25)

STONES FROM THE SKY

By Frank C. Cross



light created it to disappear. The ordinary white ball, which was about twenty-two miles away when photographed, is clearly not the solid mass of the meteorite itself, but rather the bank of fire from one of the explosions. The two sides are fragments of stone just emerging. If the meteorite itself had exploded, these two stones could not have come across the bulk of fire. Now, look back at the trail. Notice the dark line that points down the center. Evidently there were two masses, blowing two parallel trails even before the explosion.

Shooting meteorite: The great meteorite of March 26, 1937, photographed at a distance of about 25 miles. Below: the meteorite chondrite with its play table at 3:17 A.M. (Copyright © M. J. Bessy)



IT WAS exactly five minutes past five o'clock on the morning of March 24, 1937—a clear, moonless evening in which the star-trimmed lighting, smoldering the first flash of dawn. Out in the wild, hilly country near Mt. Dora, New Mexico, a fairly common by the name of Charles Brown, was just sitting down to breakfast in his little two-room cabin. Suddenly the dark windows of the cabin were flooded with an unusually light, as if the whole heavens had burst into flame. He jumped to his feet. What was it?

The maid of Charles Brown's period quickly. On a shelf above his head a mirror lay ready for use. He glanced it and ran outside. In the sky to the east a great ball of fire was hurtling toward him, with white-hot fragments whirling away from it and dark trails like a ghostly red trail in its wake. It was a sight to terrify a least few stout, but Charles Brown did not waver. Instantly he picked his camera at the left of his bed and snapped the shutter. A moment later it passed above him and vanished with a sound like the bang of a gigantic skyrocket—a bang punctuated by deafening explosions that shook the ground beneath his feet.

Quick with Nerva! For the first time in the history of science, and—what?—perhaps for the first time too, a great celestial body had been photographed while actually in flight. In five minutes Charles Brown, uneducated, unknown to the world had done more in solving several riddles to do with the fall of stones from the sky, than many other men have done in a lifetime of study.

He had proved that the thunder-balls which often accompany the flight of a big meteorite, are not caused by explosions of the projectile itself, as scientists long supposed, but of air ahead of it, compressed and heated by its speed—a speed almost beyond conception. Try to imagine a mass

of stone, going twenty-six miles per second in a head-on collision with one which travels eighteen and one-half miles per second. That is usually about what happens for relatively few meteorites as they come from behind. It means that the stone must pass our atmosphere at a stupendous velocity of almost thirty-five miles per second. One hundred and sixty thousand miles per hour! That's it! Do you wonder that the air explodes ahead of it?

Let us examine the picture taken by Charles Brown, to discover he himself the story that it tells. It shows a great, rather white ball, with two small trails to the forward right. Behind it we see a trail of dark, earthy, which later expanded into a flaming cloud that hung in the sky a full two hours until day-

Two minutes before, two hours afterward! Do you see how scientists told the story of the photograph?

Look at it again. Notice the streak of light, marking the path down which the projectile streaked from the sky. It spins like a corker. There you see the first proof ever found that meteorites may float and turn as they penetrate our atmosphere.

The most of us will never have an opportunity to see a great meteorite like the one of March 24, 1937, much less an opportunity to photograph it. Nobody knows where the next one will fall. Nobody can make. All of us, however, have one smaller one, or at least we may see them if we need to look for them. Go outside your door, moonless night and watch the heavens.

The best time to watch is after midnight, for then you can see the best of the north as it rushes through space. Soon you will see a little way of light shoot across the sky. Don't watch and another. If you watch long enough, you may see a brighter one which will leave a thin trail of ghostly light behind it for several minutes after it disappears. These story-tellers are called shooting stars.

SOMETIMES, if you are watched on the right night, you may have the luck to see a marvelous shower of them. What a magnificent sight it would be to see a display such as witnessed through the clarity of November thirteenth and fourteenth, 1833. That night the "shower" are said to have fallen like flakes of snow, filling the heavens with countless fireballs and brilliant streaks of light. Many people thought that the world was about to end. They gathered in churches to pray, or retired to cellars and dark closets.

That was probably the greatest meteorite shower in all history but every November on some night between the eleventh and the seventeenth, a smaller shower bursts from the same point in the heavens—a point in the constellation of Leo. Because they radiate from Leo, the November showers are called Leonids.

In the fall of 1894 we may just possibly see another great shower, like the one of a century ago. For more than one thousand years, now—possibly leaves how much longer—the Leonids have come in showers of unusual magnificence at pretty regular intervals of one-half a century. They came in 1793, in 1833, in 1868. In 1890 and 1900, however, astronomers erred the heavens in vain. Did the lower mass that the world would never again see a great Leonid shower? Perhaps not. Perhaps so. There are several other gaps in the record since 1900, when the first known shower occurred.

New another one-third of a century has passed, and again astronomers are waiting. They waited foolishly in 1919 and 1920. Will 1924 be better, too? It is almost the last hope.

Even though the great showers of Leonids may never come again, however, we may still expect to see smaller showers of them each November. Also in the last fall, sometimes before midnight between Novem— (To page 39)



Painted surface of a meteorite showing the strange W-shape. This was, weighing 30 pounds, fell near Lincoln, Utah.

THE OPEN BOAT

By Alexander Sprunt, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY COLTON WAGG



THREE men in the boat was hungry. He was suffering with a fever brought by food which only those who have faced starvation can understand. It had been three days since he had eaten anything; the breaking of water which the boat contained had been all very well but it did not find. Those three days had seemed ages each, he was not alone until April if he were not in the midst of an evil dream had the goodness in his stomach had always loved him.

He remembered his own mother's

as poor, contented, honest men, had been parts of a crushing economy, squeezing death onto the outer edge of the Gulf Stream, where the last remaining remnants of landers and explorers alive, the crew had been willing and efficient and the wind favorable. But that evening the thunderstorm came through with jagged, blue-white bolts of lightning which crackled and imploded in the still air as though from a huge inferno in the sky. The momentary darkness that display of the elements as he lay on his back at the stern of the boat, he observed the somewhat shrouded look on the face of the men who, like most men here, he realized that making blunders was a habit that had been so thoroughly ingrained by the schooner, the thousand yards of timber which surrounded him, that he had never considered the possibility that the crew had become capable of the contrary. He knew that he had fallen to the deck and after that

He had struggled to feel the shimmer down by the head and smiling. He had struggled to his feet and called wildly, running here and there, but he had seen only still bodies lying in strange attitudes on the blinding deck forward. The shimmer had looked open, a chaotic weltering motion that he understood. He had pushed off and managed to get the small boat at the stern line of the diving, had tumbled into it and moved frantically, almost seized down by the wild victim of the sinking schooner.

When he had recovered from his dazed state of mind he had somehow the heat, his head splitting with unbearable pain, and he had found only a trickle of water. He had said it quickly, he had stared about him at the darkness, for three days he saw nothing but heavy water. His eyes were burning, he was scorched with

For the thousandth time he swept his weary eye about the waste on all



by national and international markets
as a part of foreign policy.

threw the weakened man off balance and grasping wildly at the air, he pitched overboard. When he rose to the surface, gasping and struggling, the boat was about twenty or thirty feet away, but the bar almost upon him. He hauled toward it, threw an eye across it and paddling with the stick, made his weak way toward the drifting boat.

Heavily tax-burdened in his progress, he suddenly arrested, floundering, cycled and leachery, a long painful thrum like a thick serpent rose from the opposite side of the box and came in contact with his arm. The man gasped out incredulously, the total surprise and agonizing apprehension of the three striking him with terror. He jerked disengagedly, with every strength, and because that enormous arm was clamped steadily about the box and not his arm, he tore free, humped forward and patted himself into the boat to full gasping on the bottom.

But when he was able, he struggled to his knees and poked over the side to see the boat pulling to sea from through the water as though it were alive, while down below, appearing as a gigantic shapeless mass, was something which drove all thought of consolation from his head. The something was a greyish, scintillated fire, a great gorge and kindled bonfire, which seemed to glow in the night of his feet. One of the three was foremost in the boat, perched in his seat, a dark, old, shaven man with a beard, who advanced and drew the animal's water, pouring him and there with a silver canteen. Two great round black eyes

that of a large parent. The whole apparatus, though perfectly distinct through the close water, commenced easily as though it were the product of a nightmare, as a disordered brain. Again the man wondered if he was dreaming.

As a matter of fact the satellite did not see the man at all. Cruising along at no great depth, its attention had been attracted by upwelling at the surface and it had seen the columnar shape of the sand and the low-lying, though not the sailing. One satellite had lapped out to investigate at once, it had struck fairly upon the line, the most substantial part of that shape at the surface, and gained a quick snap. The breaking away of the line had caused a dark surprise in the satellite, and it had been a moment before it surged suddenly into a long, low shadow spout which immediately collapsed. The circle did not care to perpetrate that shadow of a project, the boat which dashed it was not twenty feet less long; the incident was more salacious in the

The man, sliding down through the water with bulging eyes, saw the tailfin which held the box, swim downward, drawing it toward the open second hatch. As he watched the red fish graze upon the box he saw something else, a long thin form rising swiftly from the depths with a slim upward sweep, straight toward the gray monstrosity. It took shape rapidly through the sunlit water: a torpedo-like body, a sucking tail and fine whiskers, and he moved not at all. It was what this creature coveted at that moment—food. The sucking man's power, by a means, it was a bloody hell, moved back over his feet in light and shadow along each edge with successive attacks, as one to meet long

All sorts of men that shape themselves at the outside was snapping at the toppling back when the rafters struck. Perhaps some slight shift of the gale's body at the moment was responsible for the sudden friction of this violent charge, perhaps the slowness of the water around the rafters caused it, but at any rate, the handsome woman on the attack, around the cuttle's body and showed all one of the bestshots at his back. The second shot of the cuttle was a little more material, as you may see of the quail, but as the former seemed so cheaply made and disreputable, the man on the gray body long to make an entry. It seemed to drop a yard or two as he was so violently excited, but he missed, and the bird flew. The man then turned the gun as it charged upon him again.

Forward as the staffed via, then
advancing arms hold it (To page 44)

Dave found the stranger's hole just up, inside, but nearly within it, a little hole leading in the early twilight, a tiny gold color, and on that a little battle with earth, boiling, another, standing on a hot, steel near by, from which came the aroma of tea. A couple of pots lay on the table, flanked by the tins, and a couple of somewhat bruised apples. The stranger was suppressing a small, closed fist, a bit of dried pepper.

"Hello, son. Just in time, though I suppose you've already eaten. But how's that for a new-kind, fish, vegetables, fruit, tea—enough for any boy—anybody with an appetite?"

"He opened the fish with a green onion, and held it over the coals."

"How do you like this—the tea?"

"Stomach, Dave, his interest, looking over."

"Yes. Right along—for about six months now. It's good but, too, especially when there's nothing else."

"How do you mean—not anything else?"

"Well, you see, how do you do, son? I'm back off, at Mr. Tarnet's approach, through the doorway, twilight."

"If I had a chair, I'd offer you one. But will you stay?"

"Mr. Tarnet, Dave. He was coming over the camp, he said."

"I will. Twenty-two little words you have. Where do you keep it all?"

"In my pack. It's light and over thirty pounds. I don't carry much."

And, thousand other people here—most of us glad to get just a couple of bits of meat, some vegetables like these here, meat on the bone, baked, boiled, baked, roasted, cooked, fried, steamed, a little. But, however, a couple of that sort—better than just sitting around, in the camp. But Dave's notice to it, but getting round in with a lot of professional house and people. And then, all at once, I thought of something. That, called it."

"I don't understand yet," interrupted Mr. Tarnet.

"I used to play at it when I was a youngster here. Dave—instead of a whole lot of things, like fishing, and camping, and cooking, and fish, but I never really thought of it as anything but a sort of house kind of play. And then, all at once, I wondered if I couldn't live by it. Living in the open."

"If you had the training, quite honestly, anything. I still had a little bit of my house—kitchen, a porch. And I had the outfit. I had the meat, just going where I liked, and trying to keep every day, and eating when I could learn about ordinary things—myself especially. No hunting at all—just that once to let me prove from one place to another, without any of that. I don't like, go across country, study the birds, decide where the money is pretty—lots of the plenty of exercise, no bad contacts. It keeps the business, but it isn't. And I live pretty well, what with carrying, and to"

"Yes, but how about finding that a lot of things you never find any solution to, or work a lot of it. I'd as soon look at a field of wild flowers as at a field of wild flowers, and catch a squirrel, play as to go watch the animals in a pen. There's no need to have a piece laid planned to it. People seem to think so, but a lot of the best things are all here, like the show in that complex there. Just a lot of things are so much more interesting than the theories of Hollywood—birds, butterflies, plants and trees, even bugs. I've studied 'em all, as well as I could, so the more, without any books. And, well, it's a pretty fine"



"And no more than that?"

"World we live in. And I live all of it. Somehow I've got to feeling I own something to it. That's why I wanted to help your camp, son—pretty."

Dave Tarnet was staring at him open-mouthed, open again.

"How to jump right into it, wouldn't you?" laughed Dave. "Well, don't you've got to get some training for this sort of thing. I've had my training, as an indoor hunter, a bird, but before by a rickshaw, and I had to take care of all those things myself. And I don't always get a piece like this in my camp. So, son, if you can't have to play about, even to catching a piece, picking up a stray apple, and getting a carrot. But maybe you know all that. Maybe you're a second, you're a first."

"No," said Dave, worthily. "I've never had a chance. Get here on the line, there's no Scott Tarnet in you. I hoped in to a Scott Camp this morning, and I was disappointed."

"I couldn't open him off the place," said his father.

"BUT you don't have to join a Tarnet," objected Dave, "if you're the sort of fellow with the audacity and the persistence to do things all alone. That's another thing I've been finding out. Boys, and I guess grown people, if they only have it, mostly find it out along, doing what everybody else does. There are a lot of other facts and fashions besides the clothes and hats the women wear. People do whatever everybody else is doing, and"



think it's important, whether there's any sense to it or not—movies, books, even what is making money. They can't believe for a second, and so, if you're a boy, you know. And there's no place for thinking like the country, on the line. All you have to do is to go to work at it, and find some men who have sense enough to be honest, and see that you know your stuff. We can start thinking right here, you know, now."

"Yes, I'd like to. But there's no more to it, is there?"

"And there's something in every bit of it, even being a garden, in trying to be a hunter. Boys, about building a camp—right—without any material. Or doing in the same manner, every night, and keeping it, and then, as you can't do it all in a day or a week, or even in a good many months. I just in five years in a Scott Camp, and for the last six months it's been, what I've been living by, and there's enough of it still to last to keep me busy for a long time yet."

"Don't you ever get bored?"

"No, if you're a good hunter. You see, hunting is just learning to do things right, and always trying to learn something more. It fits up to about everything a fellow can get interested in, getting better and more interested about it. What do you like to do?"

"Fish, and Dave, I said."

"Then, about making your own outfit? Of course a fellow, you're all right. But there are better ones. And if I broke model you'd like it? What's the best for it, or even as a book, or you can get it all right? Or making your own house? I know a crew that has made more than thirty patterns of trout flies, out of old bottles and fish bones, and put them up, and lots of old fish from the mother's work basket. And how many kinds of fish are there in the streams around here, and when do they spawn, and what? Wouldn't it be interesting to know? And who around here knows, naturally?"

"I can't do it," Dave said.

"I don't either," laughed Dave. "I guess both of us could have, I never could, much about fishing, but I started, fishing—always. And I'm sure, I suppose you. (To page 40)"



"And no more than that?"

And, when I'm in the night. That's why I wanted the caravans."

"In the night? I just don't get you. What is it you're doing?"

"WHAT I told you—Scouting. And if you don't mind, let me go. Mr. Tarnet is the one, James McGowan. Scott away back. Maybe that's got something to do with it. It's quite a year. Maybe you'd like to hear it—maybe help you to understand."

"Had some hard work?"

"I guess people would call it that, but I don't see it really is. But the depression has not hit everybody else. I was just going out of college, with a three-hundred-dollar job—and an apartment house besides. Gosh, it was all pretty well. Can't say I was very contented—no, I was to get ready right, you know, like everybody else. And in my mind, I'd just got to my money. Trying to make money, and running around to a lot of small affairs, none about all I was interested in. Well, that job, no more from the apartment house. I long on, leaving up appearances, till I was down to bed rock. Detroit, it was. I promised the payments for work being for a job, not any more, and in the pocket, I signed in the apartment house business with the painter. Guess it's been pretty tough for you last on the farm. But you've had something to do if you could keep up with it. But some boys in it."

"—say, I guess I know all the game of statistics there are. Guess to get dabbly, too, and had to see a few-



restless, and wanted apples, and better, and fish, and what little I say. I try to pay my way as I go along, too. And you, and then there's a job."

"It's, named Mr. Tarnet. Sounds interesting. But if anything, I'd like to know."

"Sure," agreed Dave, looking at Dave. "It wouldn't do at all for anybody who didn't have the training, or know just what he was about. But I do. I've been here. And selling can happen—that is, there's nobody to let about me. And I'm in a hurry to happen this way than if I was just going about as a big town, like. Of course, there are places here, all over the country, who don't know what they're about, trying the same thing, maybe, longer, say doctors. But no. I've had about two thousand dollars' worth of vacation time—the Mammoth Cave, up Pike's peak, across the Powder River, through the Old Dismal, not nearly so late traps, though, but personally collected. And I've had, well, you get stuck. I've learned what a lot of things people think necessary that aren't at all."

"You aren't the only one that's learned that, I guess."



"And you've got to do it get the milk and all of it."

CANOEING WITH THE CREE

By Arnold E. Severeid

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY



CONCLUSION

TURN back after having traveled three-fourths of the distance! We should never be able to forget canoeing if we did. The best we could do was to try to conquer the "bad country" with its winding chains of lakes and rivers through which we must usually travel our way far around landward routes.

We said good-bye to the skipper of the *Infanterie* and went all into the arms of a white highlander of Flay-geen Lake a magnificent layman of water channels. The golden chain guides the fortress of small boats must have been riding on the southward gear of the Saint Louis, for again we had told, and we rode safely through the treacherous side currents and choppy waves for twenty-five miles to the empty old fort and trading post of Norway House.

The old fort, twenty a square of low, log buildings, still stands. It was the scene of one attack several times, when the daring Menominee men, under the "Company of Gentlemen" Adair, were from England had, penetrated from the Bay to Lake Winnipeg and from there down into what is now the United States.

The farther true adventures of two boys who traveled 2,600 miles by canoe to Hudson Bay

Two days later, when with grub for nearly a month, we pushed off from the fort dock, the object of the plans of men and women. Now it was a race of "do or die"—hardly. I could not admit that I was wrong.

Before pushing off we had arranged with Mr. Ashton, warehouse operator for the Royal Canadian Air Force, to have the *Minneapolis* ship that we were to use in the wilderness, if he did not hear from us by September 22. It was then the last day of August.

Our route lay down the Richardson River (pronounced "Toby river"), then through a long chain of little lakes, into the Gulf Lake, then down the Gulf River, the St. Lawrence River and finally the Hayes River, into Hudson Bay at York Factory.

The country, indeed, and by tugs and tugs for over a hundred years, was to follow the Hayes River the entire distance. But against the advice of everyone else, and upon the advice of one young trader, Jack Thomson in whom we felt great trust, we chose the Gulf River route. Neither Karl nor any other white man or Indian we met had ever gone the complete distance down the Gulf River, but we decided to chance it.

Obviously, it gives a fellow a very superior feeling to be able to say that he has traversed a river very few white men have ever.

And then, only two days out from the fort, we got lost. Our rubber pontoon skis showed no indication of the lake which existed any longer. Somewhere, somewhere, we had got off the main channel of the Richardson. The headless freight lake swung on in the September sunlight with despair grew over us. The "lost" feeling was new to me, and unbearably overwhelming and frustrating.

Feeling ourselves in trouble, when we deliberately retraced our path, and for fifteen weary miles retraced paddling with oars in soft mud, until, as twilight slipped through the spears, we were upon the correct channel again. The experience was with which we lost the trail made us, in some heavy thinking. Clearly, this wilderness travel was no child's play.

Though likely Lake we pushed our way, and there, on a side of mud, we saw a freight canoe tipped over, a complete outfit, apparently the property of an Indian. It lay in new view, may have, for my kind, but we knew it would not be touched. That is one of the wonders here of the North. Even if an outfit in the last century means but one thing—death.

Progress was surprisingly slow as we "felt" our way along the stream, swimming over rough ground. The night became cold and each morning my pants were covered with white frost. Given in the morning we discovered one of the things which we had thought of as a thing, but which we were surprised to find, we slept soundly, despite the cold.

ONE day, as I thought of the difficulties of those things, while watching the headless chain, the creek of wooden canoes reached my attention the level rippled a big canoe, manned by two Indians and carrying a white man, who sat comfortably in

we found ourselves into our boat and showed off, in fact, the best canoe and its three occupants. And for four days we traded them.

It was a genuine experience, living with the Cree and the experienced woodmen. In fact, the best canoe and its three occupants. And for four days we traded them.

I am convinced that portage is the hardest bodily labor in the world, and when you have done an average of four portages a day, each about a half mile long, you have done your lot in the life and discovers a peaceful death and quiet burial at night. Well, and I could not eat. Every canoe, while Ralph tried to be considerate, ran grating over his top of tea, and I gave out other men's messages and found some other. Good-natured Miss Goss, the white Cree, laughed about this time we passed.

The younger Indian, James Robinson, never failed to pay us attention, but always kept his feet still. He felt he was so completely conditioned as a warrior.

Each morning, when it was yet dark, the rough laugh of Miss Goss spoke us. There he would stand, gazing in the darkness of the night, wearing a red and white shirt which he always kept. Besides the Miss and James usually consisted of loaded rifles. James caught a bunny nearly every night in a few acres of country by the top of a hill. He told us, we learned, is the best way to protect meat while in the woods.

We would paddle and portage steadily until noon, when we stopped to "cook the kettle." Then, only about five o'clock, we again labored, without a rest. After our supper at five, we took the trail once more and kept on until dark. There did we camp except in a portage spot, where we often found supplies of food, usually corn.

Our course followed a long chain of mountain lakes, which lay close together and yet were unconnected. Crystal clear, very cold and containing with the green of water lay deep in valleys of granite. Rows of pine and cotton-wood-lined banks reflected in their depths. Over the hills of rock we had to transport our outfit.

When instructed as to the making of a, and he was canoe. It consisted only of two square poles and a narrow mid shaft, four corners and rubber paddles. One pole, the bow, was chained upright in the bow, and the other, the stern, was chained in the stern. The other end of which hung in a flexible loop by the side of the seat, holding up, formed an angle on the seat, the whole, something like the letter "Y." The seat stood not squarely to one side of the boat. Ropes were tied at the top



THOMAS FOGARTY

The men were in a race for the first of each race had not appeared with strong force

the middle, reaching a bank. At a word from him, the Indian got to shore beside us

It was Ralph Rychert, young clerk for the "Company" at Norway House, now on his way to the Gulf Lake to become manager of that Port. He decided to travel along with him and his "savage" as he put his destination. Newly hunting with successful pay,

THE RAIN-MAKER

By Malcolm Reiss

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY W. A. BURNES

PART I

THE trouble with Tylor Cass, many say, was that he could be moved up in the most unexpected, unobvious way and never know it.

That was why he was so surprised that gray morning as he had his arms behind the axle and mounted up. Two weeks had passed since he had ridden out in search of adventure and they had not been exciting weeks. Whatever the Great Westward had been in the old days, now it was pretty dead.

Summer had had its flurries on the range and passed along. The sun was no longer violet-green but a dull and yellow gray. Tylor tried to turn in to his saddle.

The mare slipped along, head down, reins swinging. When Tylor left the reins a fortnight before the dead horse was dead already, she was poor and tired. But the mare, at least, had a destination that morning. She was heading towards a little string of smoke hovering above the mountains. The hue of a night marked the stillness of the morning and the mare answered with a soft whinny.

As Tylor rode up to the fire the old man who was hunched there with a dying pen in his hand lifted his eyes.

"Hello, youngster. What you doing way out here where there's nothing but mud and more?"

"Hello yourself," said Tylor. He reached the "pronghorn." After all he was a pronghorn and he did own one of the biggest ranges in the state.

"Can you spare some water? The pony and me are pretty dry."

"Sure thing, but not here a little further. There's a spring down here. For a spare barrel of water, and pretty soon I reckon I'll be riding the creek line to what difference does it make. I could not all right," admitted Tylor, swinging down. "Say, what do you call the cowboy on foot wagon at you?"

"I don't see it at all."

It was the first thing that had caught Tylor's eye-eyes before the spring—the big, wooden-wheeled contraption, looking under a canvas cover and mounted on the wagon. A mountain man's presence might have looked like that but Tylor was sure it was an Indian man's wagon.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the man. "That there's a real making machine."

"No," growled Tylor. "I've heard of making machines and rain-makers, but yours the first I ever laid eyes on."

"Look, well, but we're a 'rain-maker's' man. The world is getting too full of some these days."

Tylor pretended to regard the hooded machine critically.



Tylor found himself riding to his heart and stopping with all his might.

"I bet you could bring down plenty of rain with that contraption. The weather isn't in danger of fresh, is it?"

Hastening towards the little contraption, the old timer stopped Tylor's pony. He wasn't angry. He thought to himself a trifle wistfully, "Guess I'm due for another job." But he didn't mind, much. He was used to being asked about the virtue of his profession, and, beyond doubt, it was a greater one, even as professions go, than most of the world's. He had a little of the old time in his mind, and he was a little of the old time in his mind.

"Hello, youngster. What you doing way out here where there's nothing but mud and more?"

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He looked the steep wall of his horse. The old timer was a rancher, for the pronghorn is one of the largest animals in the state.

"Hello yourself to make."

Now was there a likelihood which had the complete absence of favor that this likelihood, or so it seemed to Tylor. He hoped that he had already seen some of the day before when the little man had brought along some of the old time in his mind.

The Rain-maker whistled a long ex-pression, then, and it was in his mouth.

"Which way you heading?"

"Oh, just over the range, to see if they're making rain."

Tylor glanced down at the single, and made back to the rear side. The wagon was built to be driven by a pair.

"Can you see a track? My man isn't specially track-hunter but I guess your old rule will keep her steady."

"Old French wouldn't mind a little help."

So that was how the Rain-maker and his rig came to look over a wide range of mountains. They were not far from the middle range, and the middle range was made of wooden wheels, and horses were long line shatters on doors and windows together more turbulent days.

"Look up if they carried me in this long," said the Rain-maker, "or something."

He pulled up before the heavy stable and showed back his wide stare but several horses were waiting at the

top of the mountain which led up to the city. It was nearly there. The smell of fresh hay drifting out of the dock, looking was pleasing to Tylor after the flat smell of the range.

"Hey, there, how you fixed for rain?"

"Rain?"

A heavy-set man said "Rain!" and looked as if he was the fellow that knew everything and everyone who was his job.

"Say, what would we do with rain around here? For driving birds and varmints?"

But the Rain-maker finally managed to talk him into it. He delivered the twenty dollars which was the Rain-maker's fee.

"Mind you, I don't guarantee rain in it. I try for three days and at the end of that time it is as much as I figure I can get, nothing more."

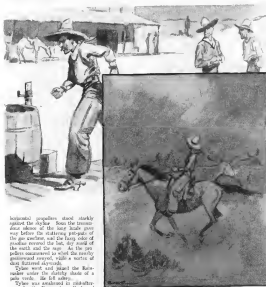
"Now," the fat rancher, called Buck, laughed. He seemed to think it was a big joke.

The day was pale. It had that washed-out blueness, almost a silver, so typical of the range lands in the early fall. The Rain-maker squatted and, brushing a fly from his nose,

"Don't look so good, conditions here."

"You and your contraption," said Tylor with a grin.

The Rain-maker set up his contraption on a little knoll across the narrow track. He unlashed the dismounted canvas cover. Like the laughs of a pronghorn, denoted true the four



The cow's nose is the size of a thumb

horizontal propeller stood starkly against the sky-line. Soon the tremendous silence of the lone knave gave way before the rattling propeller of the gas engine, and the heavy odor of gasoline reared the hot, dry wind of the south and the sun. As the propellers commenced to whet the newly grime-washed rye, a vortex of dust billowed skyward.

Tyler went and joined the Rem-maker under the dusty shade of a pale eider. He left alone.

Tyler was awakened in mid-afternoon by the Rem-maker. Back and some of the bunch that had been hanging around the stable with him were stuffing noses into the truck. The Rem-maker didn't like the looks of it. Tyler didn't either.

"Hey, I can't felt much rain," stated Back, as he came up. "I ain't for my twenty back."

THE crowd of raw hands behind him chuckled.

"These days is the agreement, goodness!" said the Rem-maker, and the words of his neck tightened. He had not been telling much of late, and twenty dollars meant a lot of pork and beans. A deal is a deal.

Back replied naively. "But this ain't no deal. I know what kind of deal you figure on pulling—your figure on pulling snakes to night and run 'em off just as fast as you can go. Hey, you can't tell me nothing, I've seen all the tricks."

Tyler could not help himself in any longer. He pushed his hat to the back of his head and spoke out.

"You know too much, that's the trouble with you. But remember, he told you three days, and what's more he told you that you or we can have the money. That was the agreement and it stays."

"No, what's this agreement?" said Back, swinging his head back to Tyler. "Where do you come in, cowboy?"

"Here, out and the party's off," said Tyler. "It ain't happens to like you."

The Rem-maker, quick to spot trouble, cried, "Back, this poor

money no long as you figure to kick up such a row about it." Back grabbed the money, but turned right back to Tyler. "I bet you know how to dance—a cute going after like you."

Tyler was suddenly quiet. His And watched him. He said one quick glance towards his outfit in its up-braid as he saw Back's hand moving down. But the cub was too low. He had of looking away from Back. Tyler's eyes closed.

Now it would be difficult to describe what Tyler did. It would be difficult if it had varied, and sure it didn't work that night. It was the same, complicated. He had pulled up some kind of trick from a soundless powder, near of the Northwest. Tomorrow, but the money good look: it didn't last long.

Instead of the gun lying out of Back's hand, Tyler bent himself slinging to the barrel and struggling with it as he spoke.

There was a shot. The dark end of powder out into Tyler's nostrils and he heard a sharp, hoarse, dry belated, more of a surprise than of pain.

"What? What?"

The last word created wildly and he was without a word. Then Tyler knew. He cried again and turned. It was the Rem-maker who had got it.

He had seen him.

"My hat," gasped the Rem-maker,

"I'm shot in the fact." The surprised look was in his eyes still.

Tyler reached out to his knife and slashed the hat. It was blowing badly. He fixed it.

"Let's get that in bed," he said. The raw hands pulled up the Rem-maker and reached him down the head and across the trunk to the Rem-maker, the sun-etched old hotel. On the head the sun-etched old hotel, the Rem-maker, the sun-etched old hotel, the Rem-maker, the sun-etched old hotel.

"Six weeks," said the doctor, who was actually on horse at all but a victory. "You be a couple of months before he can get around. The foot's not such a good place to get a '44. What's he going to live on?"

It seemed to Tyler that ever since he had started out on his second career, the only thing he had found was a constant need of money. Everyone wanted money. He recalled that the Rem-maker had said something about riding the check line now. Something told him the men had not been joking.

Don't worry," he said the old. "I'll look after that end."

Outside it was dark. Stars were stars of Nevada shined in the pearly, top of the night as Tyler trotted along his hand outwards which had been in it. It was large enough to cut a path a leg. At the end of the dimly lighted road, beyond the tracks, was the railway station with one green-

hooded light in the window. Tyler took a short cut across a lot where a cow lay waiting into the house.

He went and sat on the platform and hung his legs. It would be easy to telegraph the Rem-maker for money but if he did it meant that only Back, his clever, hardworking foreman, would have the dough on him. Clip had asked if he wasn't going to take along some money. Tyler's answer had been, "I guess I can get along all right." Adventure is a new thing you don't have to buy and pay for.

Tyler thought to himself, "I'll be honest before I telegraph that end for money." Yet it wasn't so easy because he knew that it was up to him to take care of the Rem-maker. He had swung his and it was up to him to see that he had good care and a place to live. "What I can do," thought Tyler, "is get a job."

Fortunately for him it was soon after four. The lady who ran the Hobson House told him one day that Asbury and Ruben, the two old-timers who ran the Bar W, were in town. Tyler looked them up.

"Where have you worked lately?" was the first thing that Asbury Asbury asked.

"This is the first time I ever lived out. I have my own outfit up north. Asbury's study knows how good it would be a little peculiar to him that a young fellow with his own brand should want to live on the road—up."

"Black politics?"

"The Rem-maker."

Asbury exchanged glances with his partner, Ruben. The latter let his lips drop suddenly behind a little cloud of starchy smoke. He was a dark-looking specimen of the roughlands, the Mexican, Ruben. He must have been close to sixty, yet his body was just as straight as a fence and his face was rocky and alert. The year of them made Tyler want to go to the Bar W. He was what it was like.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Asbury slowly, having caught the gradual stage from his partner. "I'll take you on but you've got to behave yourself, young fellow."

He almost added, "And not tell us any of it."

When the Rem-maker heard Tyler's plan he looked himself up in bed and threw back the covers.

"Hey, what do you think this is? You think I'm going to let around and have a partner like you put up for the bar?"

Tyler, frowning, shrank into his war leg, looked up and regarded the Rem-maker steadily.

"But you ain't you, I played you. Where did that that cheating crap come?"

"That ain't the point. I'm a partner up and don't you try to mess me."

Tyler had not one word to say. He had not one word to say. He had not one word to say. He had not one word to say.

"That's done you just right. This could. See you when round again soon."

THEY TALKED THE Bar W was a result. The fall roundup. Further squabbling, looking of calves, round of meat, but in a year now, deal.

middle of the year. Tyler was in the lead of it, heading his loop with the best of them. Was the feeling strong to him that he was in the fit and still not at all. The round was not extended by way. He sounded shy.

"What's the matter with that?" he said in an awkward, awkward way by the fire of a night. Always before I've got to get a little better.

And then one day out. (To page 40)

HIKING with GREEN BAR BILL

AUGUST already—
and exactly one
year to go!

Next year at this
time, Scouts from all
over the country will
be streaming toward
Washington, D.C., to
take part in the largest
peace gathering of
youth America has
ever seen, the first
National Jubilee of
our movement.

For a couple of
weeks about thirty
thousand Scouts from every
State in the Union will
be camping together, sleep-
ing under canvas, perpe-
rating their own food.

Only a year off! So, you
see, this summer's camp ex-
perience is practically the
dress rehearsal for next
year's tremendous occasion.
That's why it has got to be
the best camping season
ever. That's why every one
of you should do your best
to become skilled campers
this year, that you may be
ready when the call comes
in 1935.

For who knows—you
may be lucky enough to be
one of the thirty thousand
participating in the great-
est event in the history of
American Scouting.

THERE are two questions that
can put your hair into the
rings of even the stoutest.
First, cook—up, before
camp. "What'll we eat?" the other
is camp. "What'll we eat?"

So if he wants to keep his locks
black as Maud—as the war may be—
he'd better start looking around for
shortcuts and plan his appetizing
dishes which can be quickly prepared.
And talking about shortcuts in cook-
ing, here are some for your friend.
They are all based on four servings
as you have to do your own multi-
plication.

For lunch as supper I think you'll
like:

Baked Bean Surprise—Shred four
slices of bread thickly with baked
beans. Put this slice of American
cheese on top and bake in muffin
cups until cheese melts.



Roasting Cherry Toast—Cover four
slices of toast with American cheese.
Place on top strips of banana and in
half. Bake in muffin cups until brown.

And for dinner:

Spaghetti and Meat—Break one-
quarter pound spaghetti into rapidly
boiling, salted water and boil quickly
until tender. Make a sauce by heating
oil-up large onion with one-half pound
chopped meat. Add one small can
tomato sauce, hot slowly ten minutes,
and pour over drained spaghetti.

One-Pot Vegetable Stew—In every
different vegetable as you want and
only one pot. Any such chosen vegetable
in a piece of uncooked Potage
cooking pot (any Five-and-Ten
has it), sprinkle with salt, in into large
with handfuls of white string and
place in pot one-quarter full of boiling
water. Cover and boil 45 minutes.

Deserted! Canteen!
Press White—Just white of one egg
and.

Add under constant stirring
slowly three tablespoons sugar and one
cup cooked, grated, corny pines (left
over from breakfast).

Apple Mince—Mix 1½ cups
homemade (three tablespoons sugar,
one tablespoon salt butter. Put allow-

ing layers of crumbs and applesauce
into small cups in deep dish or
pot. Bake in 350° oven for 15 minutes.
And here is one you won't believe—
the simplest of all.

Mugs, Lovers, Pudding—Mix one
cup sweetened condensed (not evapor-
ated) milk with the juice of one
lemon. You'll be surprised. It's
sweet and good. And, by the way, using
that can in the form, serve from
it.

To make different, add one cup
of sweet strawberries—graham,
chocolate, ginger snaps, or what have
you.

If there any dishes don't keep your
large camp for a while—well, then
there's something the matter with
them, or else you'd better add up on
your multiplication table.

ITS too bad, but we can't eat every
moment in camp. There are hours to
be filled with other activities than
dining.

Swimming and hiking and exploring
will take care of themselves. The
main trouble is to provide something
for those off-hours is between, to
what'll we do?

Try a lot just for example. Make
a lot of fun to fellow Scouts and see

which of your boys can spot them the
quickest and bring them in. Or vary
this by making them hunting for hidden
plants, or for odd things growing into
the shape of letters. I have seen
a Scout gather a whole alphabet
formed by natural trees.

Put your boys' activities in a string-
drawing contest. Put into the ground
several upright stakes and stretch a
string across them horizontally, teacher
calls from the ground. The point is
for each boy to lay the fire, light it
and have the flame burn through the
string, without touching the boy or add-
ing any wood after it is lighted. It is
luckily simple as a cake day. But just
try it on a windy day!

Or what about a message relay?
Scatter the Scouts around the camp
ground and send a verbal message to
the way from boy to boy, the last to
receive it to put it in writing. It is
most amusing and your friends will get
a kick out of interpreting the message
which gets through with its original
meaning. It may be short as bad as
that provided in a comprehending army
office once by a brilliant messenger
who had just made his way through
the firing line. "Lieutenant Brown
reports. We are going in a dozen
feet three and four cents!" To which
the messenger added: "I suppose he
means three dollars and four cents!"
But Lieutenant Brown proved nothing
of the kind. His original message was:
"We are going to advance. Send re-
forcements!"

AND then one still might as early
as August after the camp has
closed down, set out through the
woods, over the hills and climb that
hilltop of the campsite of camp.

Take your bearings by the stars and
have north. Then is the Dipper, there
the Pole Star, and then Cassiopeia,
the "W" constellation. Now focus your
attention on the sky between Cassiopeia
and the horizon where. (To page 47)



THE SCOUT WORLD

NATIONAL GOOD TURN

AS REQUESTED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT FEB. 1934

MEMBERS FROM 496 COUNCILS

Household Furnishings \$32,712

Bookery 34,234

Clothing 44,332

Mercellaneous articles 204,545

GRAND TOTAL 1,012,284

As ordered by the National Board 122

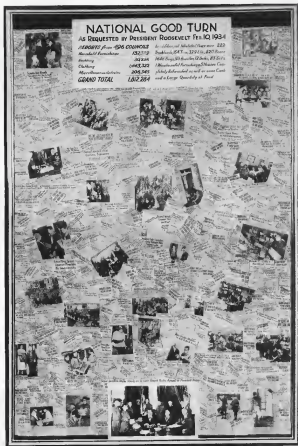
Books, 547 in 1791 in 425 boxes

1441 bags, 30 boxes of books, 83 1/2 ft.

1000 small boxes, 5 boxes, 5 boxes

Completely delivered as well as some Cash

and a large quantity of food



KEEPING PHYSICALLY FIT

By Dr. C. Ward Crampton



August

AUGUST comes after July. Julius Caesar designated Augustus name after Julius Caesar. He was Caesar's grand-nephew, elevated to the rank of emperor. The whole civilized world has adopted by Caesar his own and his name and the month, by decree of the Roman Senate, was given the title Augustus, which means "reverenced," "majesty." The whole civilized world honors the Roman Empire. He was the first emperor. This was the Augustus August. He found Rome a city built of brick, he left it built of marble. From now, the famous monuments of Rome retain to this day the works of Caesar, Virgil and Horace, in whom he was friend and patron, will not perish. Augustus made a powerful, continuing impression on the world.

Augustus was more a king! At the age of twelve years he delivered the public oration at the funeral ceremony of his adoptive uncle Octavianus grand-nephew and at the age of sixteen he was given the "Imperium" the public sign of man's estate. Quite a beginning what a man! August!

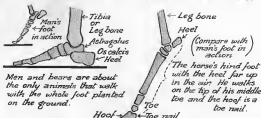
Feet

WALTER SANDFORD, after two years of hopeless struggle, finally concluded he was not any good at all. He was right. He could not run or jump or amuse in any way and in any of the last games he was just not even a good substitute. He felt like he had a great deal. He started to sing and spent as much time on his books that his father became alarmed and took him to the doctor. He thought he was serious. So did the doctor, but he was a good doctor and would further to find out what caused the nervous and pain him a thorough all-around health examination with the father's consent, as fathers go he was one of the best. So was the doctor, but he was one of the whole boy he found among this and that the Epilepsy of back feet were weak. With flat feet (flat planes). This suggested him because he had thought well of his feet, although they did not get him anywhere very fast and the pain he had was in the knees and

in the back, but the flat-foot was more unsatisfactory. The toes turned out a little bit like Charles Chaplin's, and the two ankle bones were so prominent that he almost interfered like a horse. Walter was a body boy to get a good medical going over. He should keep his feet before, as described in the Personal Health Budget Test pamphlet. Now, according to all reports, was out of his high school boys have work in flat feet. Are you one? Let's look into it!

Signs of Weak Foot

Sign One. The footprint. The doctor uses a petroleum and gets a picture.



most stand. You can see your weak footprints on any dry floor or take a piece of paper, rub vasoline or weak mercurochrome on the foot and make your own print. There should be a hollow, deeper than one might expect the length. See illustrations.

Sign Two. Do the internal arch bones lean toward each other and the heels turn away from each other?

Sign Three. Do you have your toes out? Do you wear shoes the inside of the heel of the shoe?

Sign Four. Do you avoid walking or have pain in the feet, back or leg toward evening?

Cure

1. Don't try to cure yourself. Get your doctor on the job. Remember, the feet are a part of the body. They require nourishment and growth stimulus. There are arteries, veins and nerves (yes, indeed) in the feet. But you can do some things for yourself.

Foot Hygiene. Massage the feet with soap and water once a day.

EXERCISES for weak feet.

(1) The foot exercise is a ballist. Always stand with the feet parallel, with toes pointed directly forward, and in the same way. Always walk toes pointed directly forward, just as the North American Indian has always done. Always run the straight-foot run. This is for all feet, weak or strong.

(2) If there is one best exercise, it is foot rubbing. Sit with leg extended, feet flat, holding the ankle with the other hand. Now with the big toe make as large circles as possible, encompassing the inward swing. Try to make the toe touch the other weak arch. You can't, but trying to, gets

up with the toes and put them into a cup. Do it sitting down first, then standing. Perhaps you can learn to play marbles with your feet.

Walk feet from their toes out in standing, walking and running. The North American Indian walks for straight forward or a little turned in. The European runners toe in slightly. The runner often toes out. Look at the "track" made by the skis on a heavily rutted under path. The ski-care points toe forward, his legs push the skis together and the power he stretches up in a long straight line. The weak-foot boy turns toe out, leaves out and considers gravel across his own path.

In conclusion take note of the fact that it hurts and nothing about arch supports. Your doctor ought to tell you about them and often they are very necessary, and helpful.

Yes, Walter is back on the signal. His straight-foot training gives him a great advantage in everything athletic. He wins his archer too. (In page 15)

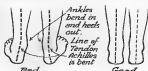
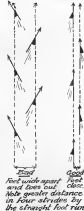
results in the feet. Twenty times each foot, ten times each day and work it up to 100, to 500, a day, in the long we did 9,000 exercises a day and it worked. Do it slowly.

SITTING. "Bogus" the toes. This can be done any time you're sitting, sitting on a car or working. It helps the ankle arch also. Do this alternately, first right, then left, fifty times a day. Do it carefully.

WALKING. "Cub foot walking." Enlarge the straight foot by turning the foot in as far as you can and walk on the outside of the foot only, the inside margin which drops in weak feet is raised. This is a natural and wonderful thing, it is an exercise and an isolated method. Try a dozen steps only the first day, but keep at it day by day, and if necessary, run it up to 500 steps.

EXTRA EXERCISES. Run on toes, jumping, landing on toes, turning toes in, heel out. Back back and forth on outside edge of feet. That's a good one. Take twenty minutes, whether down on the floor, pick them

RUNNING FEET



Prisoner's Base

(Continued from page 32)

stead broadcast a stifled yawn caught on my ears. We resumed the day. May set off to the southeast a half-mile dot was sheding across the horizon.

"Rough," I shouted.

"Loose," he pointed.

At about the same instant the NC4-BH1 moved from its course, headed and started back for us. The rescue plane had spotted it and, because my plane was flying a dead course for the flying suitcases, I failed to pull away from its path. The convicts put the plane into a dive to gain speed and then zoomed up into the heavens. It was a vivid sight to see the great bulk of a passenger ship clumsily romping through the maneuvers of a sleek pursuit plane. The rescue plane, who had miscalculated a true course, was easily guided at the stronger safety. Suddenly, there was a sharp crack from the NC4-BH1 followed quickly by another.

"Dubois has spotted us on 'em," Ray said carefully, and the truth of the statement was borne out when the rescue ship dived down heavily, banked and started after the beleaguered craft.

A sharp radio-to-radio, read the air. The aviator in the plane was answering the challenge with nervous grace. It was a battle of wits. Dubois had awkwardly performed the guidance against an enemy trapped sky.

There was another report of fire and the NC4-BH1 dipped for the sea about twenty-five hundred feet above with its emergency chute on its back, climbing at a tilt. A hungry hawk ready for the kill.

Apparently aware of the lunacy of the situation the wily Dubois was making a desperate attempt to land and head off the hawk. The bag clung damaged over the waves and punctured with a mighty hiss. Its too greatly rimped over the uncalculated craft and creased.

As the rescue ship followed helpfully in the air its automatic crew of four men poured out of the passenger hatch out in wild confusion jumped into the water. They swam madly for shore.

"Ray," I bellowed, "let's get 'em!" "Dubois, mate!" he replied, "some of your boys still with them before they're outcasts of the highest order and Mr. Ray's little guy isn't looking forward to dying just yet."

"But Jim," I pleaded, "they're lost, they're done in. Getting 'em now will be dead-end. Can't you see, they'll all be widows?" Besides, there are nine of us and only four of them. Where's the rest of the gang?" I had been so excited up to that moment that I had completely forgotten the rest of the party.

Dubois's tone in and the others were laughing, snarl still, my complexion replied.

I was right, the others were completely done up. Suddenly they ceased talking and the sudden water Dubois was in the sea wearing a self-guard expression. He no longer held the true game which had played such an important part in achieving an instinctively self-started for him. He attempted to stand up by swimming up the beach but slipped on the sand through their exhaustion. He remained scattered in different directions, some pointed on the beach leader and with little or no effort passed him down. The man was passing unaided for breath and between each labored high waded by waves. The rescue plane had headed and

was now showing lightly on the screen. Two dark, bulky stalk their course out of his cockpit window. One was the NC4-BH1. One more was appearing indistinctly nearby and in a helpless state was gradually holding out to sea. I established Dubois' back and kept his subdued while Ray pointed on the sand waving his arms like a madman.

Continuously, the big airliner trailed toward shore. She bore another about thirty yards out, and an emergency roll was launched. Three men boarded it and peddled to the beach. Ray was amazed and as he landed kept his gun steadily trained on us. One of them was Wilson, the pilot, and the other two French officers.

"Wilson," Ray barked out, "We've got him, we've got him."

The greeting went unanswered and the two continued to move toward us. Finally the rescue pilot spoke, "That you don't like you yet?"

"Dubois, the engineer," he responded.

"Ah, Monsieur Dubois," the officers said, "General information—How are you?"

The politician was excited with being rescued.

I anticipated my post and without delay the two officers grabbed Dubois' arms, wrenched them in his back and snatched handcuffs on. The sailors were waiting. Yet a second couple of legs but he glowered furiously.

"And the rest, where are they?" one of the officers asked in perfect English. "They landed for the lack of, as probably being," I responded.

By this time nearly the full crew of the rescue plane, which resembled a small army, was spread out over the beach, with the plane that brought them was trailing to the aid of the floundering sailor.

The man bent for the remaining fugitives and disarmed passengers straggled. In groups of three or more they started to wade the edge of the pier.

After a short interval of about three-quarters of an hour the wreckage began to drift in. Two of the flying cowboys had been caught and strangled. The third was still at large and part of the group was heading about the water break heading for him. Hardly when another into the beach for four men. He was looking and screaming in protestation. The fugitives were linked together and lined up. The rest of the sailor group was silent and only one man was talking. That was Fitz. Fitz was the unfortunate sailor who had been ridden by the gun of Dubois and usually found into the sea.

The NC4-BH1 had been towed and hoisted under control. Its head of the group was formed to each of the planes and at high noon with the sun streaming down mercilessly the two groups of the air that had put on such a hazardous collision a few hours before, raised out of the troubled water peacefully beyond the Caymans. The convicts were stored back in the passenger compartment with two officers standing guard. In the middle of the beach still marked a brown land. I was standing directly behind the cockpit as we sat out for the United States when the machine shot forward and

"Next time you want to play a little game of Prisoner's Base give us a tip," then suddenly added, "I'll have to give you credit, though, kid, you got us out of the show as well as late it, and we're emerging home the house."



BOY! WHAT AN EASY WAY TO WIN \$100.00

Think what you can do with One Member Dollars! Here's all you have to do to win it. It's easy.

Write the best essay on—"Why I think Plymouth's Fun! What Plymouth's Best."

Just get the facts from your Plymouth dealer. He'll be glad to help you win.

Look at the list of big cash prizes—\$5 or \$25—or even all of them, can easily be yours. Read the rules below and start right now.

CONTEST RULES

1. This contest is open to all boys more than 12 and less than 18 years of age.

2. Essays must not be longer than 100 words and should be written in ink on typewritten or plain white paper. Do not use color of paper only.

3. Winning essays will not be published and no service will be awarded. But will the Plymouth Motor Corporation accept them with excitement.

4. All essays must be received by Plymouth Motor Corporation by September 28, 1954.

5. The prizes will be awarded to those Plymouth dealers named in the prize winners' response. These dealers will make presentation of the prizes to the prize winners.

Get this coupon and attach to your essay

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION, DIV. OF DETROIT, MICH.
GENTLEMEN: I am enclosing my essay entitled—"Why I think Plymouth Fun! What Plymouth's Best?"

NAME _____ AGE _____
NO. & STREET _____ STATE _____
CITY _____
The Plymouth dealer who helped me with this essay is _____
NAME _____

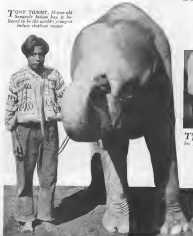
MOCCASINS

MOCCASINS are made of the finest leather and are the most comfortable shoes you can wear. They are made in a variety of styles and colors to suit your taste. They are also very durable and will last for many years. They are available in men's, women's and children's sizes. They are made in the U.S.A. and are a great value for the money. They are available in a variety of colors and styles to suit your taste. They are also very durable and will last for many years. They are available in men's, women's and children's sizes. They are made in the U.S.A. and are a great value for the money.

So save the clothes that are marked off at CASH'S. CASH'S is the best place to buy clothes. They are made in the U.S.A. and are a great value for the money. They are available in a variety of colors and styles to suit your taste. They are also very durable and will last for many years. They are available in men's, women's and children's sizes. They are made in the U.S.A. and are a great value for the money.

WHAT'S NEW IN THE NEWS

TONY TORREY, 15-year-old
Somerset Island boy, is be-
lieved to be the world's youngest
Indian airplane maker



TIMOTHY, 10-year-old Gerald E. Fries of
Pittsburgh, Pa., is helping to support
his family by making useful household
articles out of old tin cans



**ROBERT F.R.
LUGER** holds
the plane that made
a new world's rec-
ord of 161 miles
per hour for model
airplanes



FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD Rose
from Dumb, Ohio, stands on
behalf of the United Red Cross
during the National Red Cross Con-
vention in Washington



ABOVE, Sam Jack Edwards of Ligon,
Ohio, shows a seismograph built by him
self and young women. After experimenting
with other models they now were completed on
the evening of March 21. The following morn-
ing the greatest earthquake ever felt
in that section wrecked the machine
but left a complete record of the trem-
ors. The homemade seismograph
was the only one in the State to re-
cord this quake.

AT LEFT, Gilman
Thayer, 13-year-old
Greenough,
Mass., invents
with his
friend some
new sort of
Chicago



AT LEFT,
15-year-old
A. W.
Cane of Dan-
vers, Ga., is a member
of the winning
science class of the
University of
Georgia



HOWLAGE motor cars increasingly popular
Here is one built by 13-year-old Edward
Hay of Seaside, Wash., at a total cost of
\$1155. The motor came from an old wash-
ing machine and other parts from junk shops.
The one travels at the modest speed of
8 miles per hour!

How FRANCIS STANTON got his whole uniform WITHOUT COST

Read his letter!

New York
 P. O. Box, N.Y.
 April 26, 1934

Lobby, McDonald & Libby
 Chicago

Gentlemen,

I have just received my Scout outfit which I got with Libby's Milk labels. I had a party made up of my new uniform which I am sending you.

I like the Libby Scout Plan best, for it helps boys who have not the money to buy their outfits. And then we can help those who are even poorer.

My mother sent Libby's Milk, and I asked friends to save labels for me too. I am saving them now for some shopping equipment.

I am 12 years old and a Tenderfoot Scout. I have been with the Scouts one month. I started saving labels when I saw a Cub Scout, which I was for a month.

Yours truly,

M. Francis Stanton,
 Twenty 206, P. O. Box, N.Y.

IF YOU don't think it's easy to get your Scout equipment by the Libby Plan, just look at Francis Stanton. He had himself completely outfitted in just a few months! He was a hustler, no doubt about that. But it proves, too, that the Libby Plan is simple. You can work it.

Just pick out the things you want from the official Scout catalog. Then save some of the blue and white labels from cans of Libby's evaporated milk. (We'll tell you how to use them when you need to use the coupon below.) Send the labels to us, and your equipment will be shipped to you direct from National Scout Headquarters.

And the beauty of it is, the labels are easy to get! Doubtless lots of

women in your community use Libby's Milk every day. They prefer this brand for its extra richness, purity and economy. And any woman is glad to save labels to help a Scout get his equipment. Just get your mother and her friends interested in what you're trying to do, and the labels will pile up fast!

Don't lose any time; hop to it now! Mail the coupon below, and we'll send you full information about the plan by return mail. In addition, we'll send you a certificate worth ten full Libby labels, to give you a flying start toward getting the equipment you want. So get the answers and clip the coupon now.



Libby, McNeill & Libby
 Dept. B.L.-1, Western Edible Chicago

Please tell me how to get my Scout equipment without cost.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City.....
 State.....
 Zip.....



Figure 1

TIN-CAN-CRAFT, as its name implies, is the making of useful and attractive articles from old cans. Because of the ease with which it can be done, together with the simplicity of the work, this fascinating craft becomes instantly popular with all who try it.

If it is doubtful if anything is easier to find than tin cans, so thousands of thousands are there on our rubbish heaps every day. These range from tin covers for five-gallon drums to empty beer, food, and grocery cans, together with their contents of coffee, tea, soup, meat, vegetables, fish and the various fruit juices, whole preserves, filling stations, and hardware items supply gasoline, oil, and grease drums.

From these discarded tin, flower pots, door stops, book ends, cigarette boxes, mirror and picture frames, and flower boxes, garden stakes, and many other worthless articles can be made, quickly and cheaply made. If you are handy with a pair of pliers, you can be made attractive too, and so the few tools one can not find around the house come from the five-and-ten

TIN-CAN

By Edwin T.



craft store, for one craft is within the reach of every pocketbook.

But let's get busy and see just how it's done. We'll need an ordinary foot rule, a handsaw, a hammer, an iron pipe, and a set of tin snips, which are usually to be found at home. To cut tin, a small pair of tin snips and a cold chisel should be procured at the nearest five-and-ten-cent or hardware store.

The latter is used for cutting inside near to the tin, and is used with the hammer. The tin pipe takes the place of the ordinary screw, and the tin is used for nailing and smoothing rough edges. In these should be added a block of hard wood which has been squared up so as to give straight edges and right angle corners. This is referred to as making straight bends in the tin, as shown in the illustration, Fig. 4. Gather these tools together, and as the flower pot is the most simple of all the articles, let's make that first.

Flower Pot

For small plants, a fruit can, such as peaches, pears, or plums, or even a tin, will be just the right size. Obtain such a can, wash and dry it, and then cut the top off even with the bottom. If the plant is to be placed directly in the pot, a hole must be punched in the bottom for drainage. If you intend to set the plant in its original pot in the one, no hole will be necessary.

Now are now made around the edge of the can one-half inch apart and one-half inch deep, which will leave a rim of one-half inch square here. These are now ruled, as shown in the photograph. Such ruling can be done with the finger alone, or they may be ruled around a pencil. When completed, test to see that all three sides of the pot are level all around.

Complete the pot by painting green or any desired color. Lampers or stencils will be found best to use in tin-can-craft, and when these come will be sufficient. If the can has held any greasy substances, it should be washed in turpentine before being painted.



Figure 2

-CRAFT

Hamilton



Wool Pad Holder

These make useful additions for the desk, kitchen, or club room, where accessories are so often required. The pattern shown in Fig. 3 is an eight-inch square; to aid in copying such a piece is called a graph. If you wish to make your holder larger or smaller, all that is necessary is to increase or decrease the size of the square.

Take a sheet of paper with one half inch squares and make a full-size copy of the design free-hand. To do this, care must be taken to see that the proportions are as are shown following through the square on your paper is exactly the same length the corresponding line follows through the same square of the piece.

Obtain an ordinary flat iron, remove the top and bottom, and then make a single cut down its side. Spread it apart and lay down flat. The pattern is then traced on the tin. This may be done with carbon paper, or the back of your pattern paper may be placed with pencil marks. In both cases, the tracing is made by going over the square lines with a pencil.

When completed, so use one up stick for the first time. A marker is simply an instrument with a sharpened point used to scratch marks on metal. Go over your tracing lines with the point until each line has been carefully scratched on the surface of the tin.

The small slot, shown at the top of the design of Fig. 3, is used to hold the paper and is placed on the holder. This is done by passing the rounded back of the pad through the slot, so that the paper will hang on one side and the back on the other.

The slot is cut with your sharp and hammer. Place the closed square along the lines and tap with the hammer until it cuts through the tin. These cut edges, as well as those made with the shears, are now filed smooth and round.

The tin is now bent. Note the dotted line along each side of the pattern in Fig. 3. These indicate right-angle bends, which are made with the aid of your wool block, as shown in Fig. 1.



Figure 4



Figure 3

Bend these sides up until they are at right angles with the back of the holder.

The lower portion is now rolled up to the dotted line shown on the pattern. This is done over a lead pencil and should be tight enough to hold the pad in place when it is thrust into the roll.

The entire holder is now painted and desired color. If you wish to hang the holder on the wall, a round hole is cut at the top for the nail. This may be started with a nail and finished by working the key piece through it. Pass the cardboard back of your pad through the top slot, place a pencil in the roll, and the wool pad holder is finished.

New Dish

All kinds, shapes, and sizes of metal, brass, and sturdy dishes can be easily and quickly formed from tin snare. The one given here is rather unusual and should suggest others to the worker. (Continued on page 32)



...and then a tent-rope lets go!

Lightning, furiously splitting the sky! Thunder, crash after crash, enough to burst your ear-drums! Rain, in torrents! ... Then ... a rope lets go.

Boy! What a scramble as you duck out intense on righting things up. Could you grab that flapping rope in the inky darkness? You could with the help of your Official Eveready. This sturdy light is always ready for heavy service ... come rain, come wind, come storm at its worst ... no other light is so reliable.

Ever wonder why Eveready Batteries last longer? It's because *they're fresh!* The trading post, or any dealer you buy from, sells them so fast that when you buy yours they can guarantee *they're fresh* ... and point to the "date-line" to prove it. Remember, when you want light, you can have it, if your Official Flashlight is filled with Evereadys.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

General Office: New York, N. Y.

Disk of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

There's the Date Line!

You'll find it on all Eveready Flashlight Batteries, no matter when or where you buy them ... a guarantee that *they're fresh*.



Here's your Official Boy Scout Flashlight ... It's an Eveready ... approved by the National Council.

EVEREADY BATTERIES

Recharged electricity at its best

"We're ON OUR WAY"

UP hill and down dale. Climbing over rocks and sliding down pits. In sun and in rain.—It doesn't matter . . . Every Scout wearing the Official Boy Scout Uniform is having the time of his life.

And what a test the Official Uniform is getting, but it holds up to snuff,—as all Sweet-Orr made Official Boy Scout Uniforms are guaranteed to do—and "takes it" under the toughest, roughest strain without fading, shrinking or ripping.

Here is the only Uniform for Scouts. Wear it confidently. The quality of Sweet-Orr workmanship and materials guarantees it to be the best you can buy at the price.



The Cost of a Complete OFFICIAL UNIFORM

No. 503 Hat	\$2.50
No. 647 Shirt	1.00
No. 651 Breeches	2.00
No. 559 Belt	.50
No. 558 Stockings	.50
Neckchief & Sash Complete	.60
Total	\$8.10

All Official Boy Scout Uniforms are Made by SWEET-ORR

Do not accept substitutes — purchase from

YOUR LOCAL SCOUT DISTRIBUTOR

YOUR REEPMASTER WILL TELL YOU WHO YOUR LOCAL DISTRIBUTOR ARE



When ordering advertisements please mention BOLD LIFE

August



**Can You Rip a Pair of the No. 651
Official Boy Scout Breaches?**

A dandy start for camp or your next Troop Meeting. It costs nothing. We say it can't be done, but if you do, we will give a pair of Breaches to each one of the six boys on the team. Write to Scout-Cor Distributor, New York City, for particulars.

HERE IS A LIST OF SUGGESTIONS EXCELLENT FOR THIS TIME OF THE YEAR



Heligraph Signal Set

Send signals as far as you can see both of the air in a instant. See list below.

No. 1326A *Signal Set* Price \$1.00
No. 1526 *Signal Set* Price \$1.00



New Boy Scout Shelter Tent

Thoroughly waterproof. Lays up from end to end. Length 90", width 60", height 45".
No. 1503 Price, \$4.50



Official Sheath Knife

Point forged steel blade, paper for making and sharpening. This enough for doing and sharpening.

No. 1559 *Sheath Knife* Price, \$1.75
No. 1560 *Sheath Knife* Price, 1.75



Official Sweater

All-wool crew-neck Sweater. Mid-gray style. The Camp is an excellent activity.

No. 516 Price, \$5.50



Kites

Signal Model. Will carry Signal Rope, Beacon, and Knife and Compass. 50' high.

No. 1414 Price, 50c

Gliders Model. Made with 50' wing spread.

No. 1415 Price, \$1.00



Helps keep the face as exposed as possible the gaze, also, protecting with a net.

Folding Wire Gazebo

Made of heavy wire mesh. When set in use can be folded flat.

No. 1330 10' x 12' Price, 50c

No. 1331 12' x 14' Price, \$1.25



Sweet Shirt

High grade cotton with short neck. Long lasting buttons and ties. Shows excellent results. Size 10-12-14.

No. 507 Price, \$1.00



Rover Pack

Heavy waterproof canvas 20" deep, adjustable web straps and side straps (the living in extra stuff).

No. 1454 Price, \$2.50



Triple Signal Set

Accuracy tests and various wireless signal model.

No. 1092 *Triple Signal Set* Price, \$1.00

No. 1092A *Triple Signal Set* Price, .25



Official Canteen

Made of stainless aluminum. Enamel in white cover. Capacity one quart.

No. 1466 Price, \$2.25



Yucca Pack

Made of heavy waterproof cloth. Has double straps. Size 12" x 12" x 12".

No. 574 Price, \$3.00

If not stocked by your distributor—order by mail from

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA



2 NASSAU AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

1 WALTON STREET
CHICAGO

215 MADISON STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

NEW YORK, YORK
300 NASSAU STREET

unmanned ourselves and got to one leg."

"Great shots is a punch?" I asked.

"KEITH GLEDHILL," Vince replied, "pulled me this spring in Astoria. Keith and I were playing against the Turnbulls and Adams. That, the much Astoria doubles team, and we were taking a mound beating. We had lost two sets and they had no match point when Keith, I think, it was, became a feckless defender over on Keith's backhand. The ball was traveling a mile a minute, apparently out of Keith's reach. It seemed a sure point and the match for the Astorians, for I was completely out of the play. Keith stood up the situation in a split second, knew he could never make the shot with one hand, lunged desperately across the court and, using both hands, made the most remarkable volley for an earned point I ever saw. It saved the match and proved to be the break, for in the end we won."

"Remarkable shots is a punch," Vince continued, being a shot. "This is not a shot I can show to tell you about, but a stroke of which I believe was the most consistently brilliant tennis ever played under terrific pres-

"The next day Wilmer Adams was Keith's opponent. This match was much closer in its earlier stages. Keith had won two sets. Then Adams, playing magnificently, won up a four love lead and was 40-40 in the fifth game. For the third consecutive day Wood had match points against him and a big lead to overcome. Could he do it? None of us thought so. There was emotional, three times impossible Adams at this point, probably remembering what had happened on the two previous days, told exclaim, made several errors and before he could regain control Wood, fighting like a demon, had tied the score, and then crushed through to his third remarkable victory."

"Mr. Vince," the locker-room boy was calling, "you're on the court."

"Guess I'll have to go along," said Vince.

"Just one minute," I begged. "There are a lot of boys in school who read Boy's Life and who want to become better tennis players. Can you give them a few pointers?"

Good-natured Vince smiled. "All right," he said, "here it goes."

"1—Keep in good physical condition, learn to grip the racket, stand and swing correctly. Start hands-



sure. It was at Southampton in 1950 Wilmer Wood pulled this off, not against unknown players but with acknowledged stars as opponents and on successive days.

"The last day he lost two sets to Gumples Last and then, with the score 1-1 and match point against him, he staged a series of brilliant shots that carried him through six straight games with the loss of only four points. Continuing almost as brilliantly, he won the next two sets and the match."

"The next day Frank Shadle had Wood two sets down, and had won five games in the third set to Wood's three. Shadle was serving the score 40-15. Shadle sent over a fast one so Wood's backhand floundered. But a double fault went flailing by Shadle and for the rest, six consecutive points Wood passed Shadle with backhand drives that wobbled. Then he continued to dominate the gallery with unbelievable tenacity until he won his match."

mentally right, you will never be a good player unless you do.

"2—Keep your eye on the ball. Try to watch it until your racket strikes it."

"3—Watch for an opening. Don't try to knock the cover off the ball on every shot."

"4—Take your time. Move balls are hit ten times rather than two hits."

"5—Learn to serve well."

"6—Learn to hit well."

"7—Follow through on forehand and backhand drives."

"8—Never change your stroke after you have started it. Make up your mind what kind of stroke you are going to play and go through with it."

"9—Watch when your opponent starts, and his swing, as it may tell you when to expect his return."

"10—Practice! Move practice, and try as often as possible to play against better players than yourself."

Vince held out his hand. "Good luck," I called as he hurried away.

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The following is the instructor's analysis of the way Kase grips his racket and plays the various strokes.

Grip

THE handle is held across the base of the fingers, the thumb against the outside heel of the hand. The thumb is around the handle almost meeting the side of the second finger nearest the first finger. The change to the backhand grip is made by sliding the fingers toward the ball and moving the thumb out to the side of the handle around the body until the tip of the thumb is opposite the second joint of the first finger.

Forehand Drive

THE racket is on both feet parallel to the intended flight of the ball. The racket starts back smoothly, with a firm cast movement of support with the shoulders into toward side of the court on back swing.

Forward swing starts smoothly, shoulders moving forward with the arm. Foot is kept on ball almost until it is hit. Part of racket is toward ball. Body weight now shifts to the left foot, ball is struck at about the middle of the forward swing, and if possible about waist high. As racket hits the ball the wrist and fingers begin to turn in but over toward the ground. The stroke is delivered through until the face of the racket is toward the ground.

Backhand Drive

RACKET is started up and back smoothly, shoulders turn with the swing until they nearly point toward

the net, racket face is toward the ball and balance on the left foot. Wrist is kept low and ball is hit, if possible waist high, then weight shifts on to the right foot. At the moment of impact the head of the racket is on a line with the arm. Ball is hit when slightly ahead of the right shoulder. As the racket hits the ball its face begins to turn over toward the ground in a long, smooth turn as the stroke is followed through.

The Service

THE racket is gripped the same as for the forehand drive. Racket is almost sideways by the net. Both hands go up together as the ball is tossed. Flow on toes, shoulders turning toward right as the arm is up. Racket on swing up slowly until it reaches a point nearly opposite the head. As speed they increase. The racket then drops down behind the head where the shoulder begins to come into the stroke. The racket is traveling fast as the shoulder comes forward.

At the instant of impact the racket is nearly flat and following the ball. The right foot swings forward to bring weight behind the stroke, the head of the racket swings forward and over the ball, and the stroke is followed through in the direction the ball is to go. The arm is at full length. Bring fingers on the left-hand side.

The Smash

THE stance and grip are the same as for the service, and the swing and stroke are made the same way. If

it is necessary to move back for a ball the right foot goes back first, then the left foot is drawn back to it. This sequence is repeated until the proper position is reached from which to make the stroke. If it is necessary to move forward the left foot is placed first, then the right foot is brought up to it. As the ball is hit the weight shifts to the left foot.

Falling

THE position is leaving the net and about six feet from it. The grip is the same as for back court strokes. When falling forward, the body is hit slightly to advance with a flat racket at a point higher than the net. The stroke is short, then, allow to swing, the racket face turning around the right-hand side of the ball as the ball goes through, and around the left-hand side of the ball if the stroke is made backhand. A ball driven straight at the body is played with a backhand grip, the racket hand moving up and down from the wrist as it hits.

Court Geometry

THESE are the road building and marking about the court, after a seemingly endless glide into the proper position, from which to make the ball is the best advantage. When a ball is coming on the forehand the left foot is advanced first, the right foot brought up to it. This is repeated until the proper position is reached. If the ball is on the backhand the right foot is advanced first, the left brought up to it.

Tin-Can-Craft

(Continued from page 35)

A brick, iron, rubber, tin, or the handle of a gasoline drum may be used for these, depending on the desired size and use in which the disk is to be put.

For this can, a hollow copy of the graph plan is made, traced on a piece of tin, and then cut out with the shears. Note the plan in Fig. 2. The disk is then bent along the dotted lines. As will be seen in the photograph, the sides of the disk are not bent at right angles with the bottom, but are skewed to face.

The six edges smooth and round, give any desired color, and if the disk is to be used on a table, a piece of green felt, not to the shape of the bottom, should be glued to the bottom. This will prevent possible scratching.

Back Ends

Here are some graphs that are so easy to use that they turned into many. Make a full-size copy of the graph plan in paper ruled with one-half inch squares. Draw two figures on its lower small ends, and cut them out. Make sure that the two small holes, shown in the plan of Fig. 1, are in line.

File all edges smooth and paint the post black and white on both sides. Complete both ends in this manner. The standards are made of hard wood, so as to have enough weight to hold steady. Cut and square up four pieces measuring one-half inch thick, four inches wide, and four inches long. The upright posts in this, make to the flat pins, the smoothly rounded, and tapered standards, and then put on any color you wish. Complete the second standard at this time. Stand disks are cut with your little kids which the

into at the top and bend are fitted and glued. Cut felt and glue it over the bottom of the standard, which completes the back ends.

Circle Divider

The Colorado-designed wall-mounted divider should be made of sturdy heavy tin, not iron or wood, as plastic position ends. Make a full size copy of the pattern shown in Fig. 3 on paper ruled with one-half inch squares. Trace this on the flattened tin and cut out with your shears.

The dotted line indicates the required

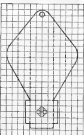


Figure 3

hole, which should be made over the wood block. The large upper portion of the pattern has its sides bent as shown in the photograph. Note that the outside board makes the smaller side portions at right angles with the back of the holder.

The lower part must be cut with the chisel, so that the four small center legs may be bent up to form a holder for the circle. The position is then bent up at right angles with the back side of the holder, while the sides are bent at right angles to the bottom on which the end of the circle rests.

Paint the back and sides of the divider black or any dark color, while the entire inside of the holder is faceted in white, which serves as a reference. A little is then made as already explained at the top on which to hang the holder.

Door Steps

Interesting, unique, and altogether door steps are often easily made besides such things as Wash Day's popular "Mickey Mouse" or other figures can be easily based on the cut out, and then mounted on a board and in make a door step, such as is shown in the photograph. Popular cartoons, photographs, designs and advertisement figures found in magazines, newspapers, and books may be used for steps.

The few articles shown here are merely suggestions of a host of interesting, useful, and attractive things one can make in tin-can-work, and those who attempt it are guaranteed many hours of pleasure with the

■ Why stay indoors all around the yard—when there are so many places to romp—swim—play baseball, tennis, basketball and the like?

Bicycles and fun just go together—when the gang goes racing. Get your gang together. If there's one who hasn't his bicycle as yet—call "on us" on his dad and explain the situation. But don't leave any of the real fellows home. Visit your nearest bicycle store with him today.

Seeley Bros. Bicycles at a Century of Progress, Travel and Transport Bicycles, when you go to Chicago this summer!



When the Best Bicycles are Bicycles Only
Century of Progress, Chicago, 1933

Seeley Bros. Bicycles at a Century of Progress, Travel and Transport Bicycles, when you go to Chicago this summer!



OLD Grand Old is riding high these days, pouring his beams on us and driving most of us to seek refuge under cool green trees and in the waters of "Swampy" lakes, rivers, lakes, and seas. The worst part of the situation is the opportunity afforded to our old enemy, Old Life Five Minutes, to be among us. Even though we are brooding we have things to want to do and that old nuisance is the one adaptable to accomplishment. Woodcraft, nature study, hikes and canoeing expeditions are interfered with by his pesky presence. In spite of his weather he wears up the job of getting rid of him. Let's make it so hot for him that he will think the coldest place around our camp is the center of our camp fire. Let's heap verbal coals of fire on his back. Let him think that several eyes are staring at him. Squid in the bottom place of your collection and for the best and brightest, that is, those selected and published, a Boy Scout May will be awarded.

The Black

A very small Scout who was struggling to lift a 500-pound baby from whose side was helplessly affixed on the sky sidewalk said, "Surre man. It's so hot. I'll have to find some other good place to do today."



Step On It

Joe: Which leather makes the best shoe?
Dave: I don't know, but because shoe makes the best apples.

Enormous

A teacher was explaining to her class one day that many numbers of objects of the same dimensions could be substituted. A hand went up in the back part of the room. The teacher said, "What is it, Tommy?"
Tommy replied, "Please can't you substitute four quarts of milk for one can?"



Giving Him Plenty

Clarence: Say, is what if the rope is broken?
Gus: Now, don't you worry about that. I've given more at home.

Double Surprise

Sue: When my father was in Asia he was building airplanes. He thought he was a hangar and shot at it, but it was a native chief.
Tom: Did he hit the chief?
Sue: No. My father was not a very good shot. He missed the chief and killed a hangar.

No So Hot

Joe: Did you ever hear of cold embers?
Dave: No, there can't be such a thing.
Joe: Yes there is November and December.

An Important Point

Bliss: Remember, Remember. This month will stand any kind of treatment, you can head it double and let it with a hammer, and—
Lillian: Can you catch your hair with it?



Up Is the Air About It

See me, you see. Well, I "pose it's all right, but what I am is—what's the good of having an ocean if you stay over it?"

Keep Cool

They were warmly seated before one of the world's (in champagne and pouring to drop markets when—"What does that word 'volunteer' mean?"
"Type down and don't show your questions, that's Latin for 'volunteer.'" was the reply.

High Seas

Curry (Narrow): This is the stock exchange, uncle. The water here is worth thousands of dollars.
Uncle (Widened): Oh, is that it? I was just wondering why everybody was standing up.



A Drawing Card

Temmerer: How do you like our first house?
Frost (Cries): Why the picture of a look on it?
Temmerer: In case the birds get hungry.
Frost (Cries): What's that got to do with it?
Temmerer: Well, you see, that's to attract the look-worms.

The Point

Fansum: See that pig? I call him Ish.
Ben: Why? It's not black.
Fansum: No, but he keeps running out of the pen.

A Draw

Forster: Five dollars for drawing one tooth.
Forster: You earn your money lightly. Five dollars for a few teeth!
Deerney: If you like I will draw a more slowly.

The TREASURE of BULLS EYE BEND

WISE BOYS, YOU TWO, WHEN YOU PICKED THESE NEW BUCK JONES SPECIALS TO TAKE ON THIS TREASURE HUNT, YOU'LL NEED THE HANNO COMPASS AND SUNDIAL, TOO. THERE'S REAL TREASURE OUT THERE...NOW GO GET IT!!



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"Not the beautifully expressed action, bearing Buck Jones' name—just the finest of big game rifles."
See it at your nearest Daisy store or you can get your hands on it you'll have to wait one.

WATCH FOR BUCK JONES IN HIS LATEST UNIVERSAL SERIAL "THE RED RIDER"
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DAISY AIR RIFLES

the car responded to their command, gave him an uneasy feeling. He must be smart, and he was wearing rubber-soled shoes. Would high-powered business cars behind such a simple device? Would they be clever enough to realize that the truck would go anywhere in the traffic of the road, and were them the suggestion merely of "anyone's idea played" in any way, it wouldn't take long to find out. Steve hit the road before the patrol came to a stop. He threw his flashlight on the car, and kept it there as he approached.

"All right, here he is," "Let's—"

That was as far as he got. Something crashed down on his head through the window of the car door. He fell backward. The car leaped forward and fled like a phantom, just as the car behind the patrol came up and stopped. Danny shouted to them to take care of Steve, spring into his car, and started to get out.

The soldier ran to his feet. Danny slipped his speechmaker up to his ear and held it there. It was his top speed, but it was a little better than the hand he would do. He was pouring, nothing down the distance between them. A deadly ripple ran across his forehead, like a thousand needles poking into soft flesh. He crumpled down, and were in chaos. A hundred yards, seventy-five, fifty, twenty-five. He drew his gun and aimed at the window, waiting. Sergeant Dwyer, his recent instructor at the School for Recruits, would have been proud of the matter of first performance his pupil was putting on at that moment. He didn't overreach, or fall short. He couldn't play for the time. At this speed a fat one would get the car heading into the ditch, with fatal consequences to every one in the car. That might not have mattered, except that they no doubt had the injured man with them. His mind do one thing only, and he did it promptly—power! Into the gas tank. A black ribbon of gas flowed along the pavement. Neither one slackened speed. Mile after mile elapsed off. This was Danny's first gun battle. His heart pounded. He was excited, pomp, but his lips were grim and determined. It would hold on, if it didn't take too long.

He kept his eyes on that trickle of gas, waiting, waiting. He didn't go to guess. Any moment now—the heard a distant cough—the death rattle of the crippled one. The gas between them thinned. Danny failed to hold back, and in so doing, gave the other driver his last desperate chance. Danny heard the sharp squeal of

brakes, and instinctively turned left to avoid a collision with the car ahead. Brakes choked, and before he knew it the trooper had leaped ahead, directly into the white glare of the other's headlights, directly into the path of death. He crashed with the car. At the last vital moment, the suspect that Danny counted, he had shoved into their hands. They could have him down now to their brief's control.

Nothing happened except that another glare of light moved along the roadway and none to a halt behind the bright car. Danny moved his head. Steve stood in the roadway, gas in hand. On the edge of the ditch crumpled three men, hands reaching high above their heads. One of them was the man with whom he had talked at the camp.

"Put the jewelry on 'em, Danny," Steve shouted, waving a little uncertainly on his foot. "Hurry in their net. Hey GK?"

"D.K.," grinned Danny. "Had you?"

"K.O.," Steve retorted, doubtfully rubbing a welt on the side of his head. "Keep it on my hat, too."

Next morning Sergeant Post was peering itself on Jake, which somehow had managed to find sleep through all the excitement.

"I'll tell you, sergeant," Sergeant Sidons, reaching for another drink of brandy, "it's just like this where you catch 'em with the guns right on 'em that count."

"Track," Danny replied solemnly. "It's those boys that do their own escaping that cause all the trouble. We ought to have a rule to take 'em back until we catch up with the kidnappers."

"Not a bad idea. If Ben Dwan had gotten away, for instance, and we'd caught the kidnappers later, you can't tell what kind of a job we'd have put on them in return."

"No, sir," Danny agreed. "You can't tell. Will Dwan be all right?"

"Sure, he'll pull through," the sergeant said, confidently. "My, my, what a job! . . . I guess this is one of them that just fly in the kitchen window every now and then."

"Very fine," said Danny. The sergeant helped himself to another very generous portion of Jake, sipped and a smile, and showed the man where it would do the most good.

"Well," he said, taking a breath, "with more men of them, sure and sure—kidnappers, I mean."

"Sure, kidnappers," Danny agreed.

Listen! — doesn't a big bowl of Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES sound great?

smack! crackle! pop!

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

AFTER a game of ball, a swim or a hike, there's nothing like Rice Krispies. They sound great as they crackle in cool milk or cream. And every spoonful is so crisp and full of flavor.

Kellogg's Rice Krispies are fine at any meal. But try them between meals or before bedtime. They're just the thing! Extra good with fruits or honey added.

Be sure to take Rice Krispies on your hikes, picnics or when you camp out. Always oven-fresh in the WAXTIE wrapper. Sold by grocers everywhere in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Quality guaranteed.

Listen! — get hungry

Ask at grocers for the new 40-page Kellogg's Saturday Book. FREE with the purchase of 1 package of Kellogg's Cornflakes.

Nature Studies

No. 2



ground it, and the rim was always highest at the southeast end. The rest only the pits "bays," or "rooms."

For many years nobody guessed the origin of the Carolina "bays." Then, just three years ago, two scientists, Professor F. A. McIlwain and Professor William Schrieffer, from the University of Oklahoma, went to study them and made an astonishing discovery. They found that they were once left behind by an enormous ocean which had subsided with the earth many thousands of years ago. Photographed from an airplane, the "bays" were clearly seen to be centers, all elongated in the same direction. Why? Because the ocean had struck the earth at an angle. Furthermore a magnetometer revealed the presence of great masses of iron hidden beneath them.

There are about three thousand of the oysters to be seen today, covering an area of approximately forty thousand square miles, but centuries ago, before the wind and the rain had filled them, there would have been thousands more. Scientists believe that they covered an immensely greater territory, probably extending almost to the middle of Africa. If the total volume of time when the last sea day had been passed in one bill, it would probably have measured one hundred miles in diameter.

There are also other phases on the floor of the north which bear the scars of great ice-age lakes. Near Okeech, Texas, there is a big circle, 200 feet across and 68 feet deep, where an enormous mass of iron buried itself in some big age ago. On the Isle of Ebor in the British sea, there is a center lake, 700 feet in diameter and surrounded by a rim twenty feet high. Around it are six smaller centers. In Central America there is a great circle, 1000 feet in diameter, 100 feet deep, and a long one of 520 feet. In Argentina, in Africa, in Afghanistan, in Arabia, and in several other places, still other great scars have been discovered.

THE largest mounds ever actually seen by man, in the "Chiquitoes," discovered by a French explorer that 1820 Western Africa in 1841. It is 500 feet long and 148 feet wide, and weighs more than one million tons. Very much smaller but still of gigantic size, is another one that fell near Pernambuco, Brazil, in 1812. Its weight has been estimated at forty tons. Five other great mounds have been discovered, which weigh from twenty tons each, each weighing from one to twenty tons.

Probably not more than a few hundred mounds have been seen, although to be the earth in modern times and many thousands of them, which tell us, have been witnessed blowing through the heavens. In 1915 a great procession of perhaps fifty fire-balls appeared suddenly in the sky above western South America, coming, we say, swirling toward the southeast. As they passed over the Province of

Orizaba, they grew more and more brilliant. They were filled with debris, and then like the thunder of distant cannon, they fell for a distance of three miles to seventy miles on either side of the burning path which they scorched through the sky, and the ground trembled beneath them.

Glanced by clouds, they passed over northern New England, to be seen later by several ships at sea and by the residents of the Newfound Islands. For almost eight thousand miles they were observed, glowing brighter and brighter. Where did they fall? Somewhere, doubtless, in the vast expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. What a hurricane would have resulted if they had fallen where people were living!

It has been the singular good fortune of humanity that most of the great meteoric falls of historic times have been either in the ocean, or in some very sparsely settled region.

What would happen if a mass, such as fell in north-central Siberia in 1908, were to strike Manhattan Island? It would certainly reduce New York City to ashes and completely demolish every skyscraper structure within a radius of thirty miles. The violent earthquake, produced by the tremendous impact, would do great damage to the cities of Boston and Washington. There is hardly a spot on the North American continent, south of Hudson Bay, where such a meteoric could hit without resulting in a terrible catastrophe.

In the wastes of the Yucatanic country, where it actually did fall, it caused far more than acres hundreds square miles of dense forest, killed a herd of fifteen hundred deer, and killed a herd of five hundred wild cattle, to stop in order to keep the rule. A Roman farmer, fifty miles away, was knocked unconscious and returned to his house to find his wife and children dead. His children would catch fire. The air pressure waves were recorded a quarter of the way around the earth, at the observatory in New England.

A quarter of a century has passed now since the great Yucatanic meteorite landed down to earth. Yet the site of the fall was not visited until six years ago. Then six years, since 1895, have been the birth of a new science—the science of all the independent sciences. What would you call a man who drives himself in the study of statistics? The word to describe him has not yet been coined. You may be the one to coin it. The Society for Research on Meteorites has not yet had its first anniversary. You yourself, if you can find a meteorite or otherwise add knowledge about them, may be one of its pioneer members.

Every year brings new discoveries. The name of the thunderbolt, accompanying the light of a great meteorite, has been known since the dawn of the Carolina days has just been discovered, and scientists have put before to recognize that one planet is marked with many other great meteoric scars.

It is hard to be thought that very meteorites had fallen upon the earth. They were considered great necessities to man to be very important. We know now, however, as a result of Professor Niessner's researches, that more than ten times of them have probably rained down on every square mile of land and so since the great shower continued their raining down on the same time. This very great shower which we wish is composed largely of "star dust." The very fact that we breathe contains the atoms of interplanetary bodies, landed in the air long ago.

Now, surely, is a new day field for the young men whose interests turn to science.

The Teletypewriter proves AGAIN:



Chickety-chick, chickety-chick . . . "Waited for backlog of pay station just west of city about 8 P.M.; two men in old model touring car; No. 1, age 37-40, height 5-7, weight 150, brown suit hat, gray overcoat; No. 2, age 35-38, height 5-10, weight 135, no hat, sharp-lined coat, large nose left cheek."

Three minutes after the robbery, the victim notified the police by telephone. Then chickety-chick . . . the message sent by Bell System Teletypewriter, to all police stations in the city and to State Police headquarters in the same instant. Within the hour every highway was guarded. The next morning, a State Trooper came upon an old touring car fifty miles away.

One of the men in it was asleep. The other made a message that was set quick enough.

"But yes," said the policeman, and two more criminals were in the grip of the law.

Messages checked off on the Bell System Teletypewriter are immediately reproduced, word for word, by all Teletypewriter on the hook-up. In its swiftly spreading web, across news of a crime travels from city to city, state to state, faster than any gazette or outline can make.

Costs never pays. And its profits are even poorer, since the introduction of police Teletypewriter systems. It is but one of many services to civilization performed by the Bell System.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

REMINGTON 10 PORTABLE



JULCO HIKER'S TENT



"No old style 22 for me" says Bill

He's a crack shot and "gets that way" shooting the new and wonderful Iver Johnson.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY RIFLE



ANNOUNCED

Chet: Most of you fellows over here a whole lot on your back.
 Andy: But it's! Look it up, I've got a whole lot on my back.
 Chet: Look Andy. Half of your shirt is on the floor.

pouches was looking down the street. Something remarkably familiar about the male's middle stomach struck him at once.

"Wait a second," he murmured, and got up off his stool.

The poucher had pulled in before the man left. He had come a long way, that was pointed to him elsewhere.

All of a sudden Tybex let out a yell. "Take! Hey! Take!"

The pass swung around. When he saw Tybex pouching down on him his hands settled on his hips and over his shoulders came a look of disgust.

"Well," he said, "at least! Where this back here has been buried?"

Tybex answered him lazily in the way. "You old back, you! A little known, a little known of back-er!"

But Jake refused to understand even then. He always made a pretense of being cross and gruff.

"What I want to know is when you've been. I've heard he's been more than a month. What's the rest of your life looking?"

"I didn't go into looking," said Tybex. "I've been right around here all the time."

"That's a help. Well, you better not cut the customers and head for home, you know, and then come."

"How do you mean?"

"What I said. Every time you hear off, Chip has been up to monkey business. First and we opened our faces and he got us out time quicker than you could say 'you.' The same with most of the old ones. Then he went on hand himself on a hard-on a heap of wisdom as I ever seen this side of the land."

"He did, did he?" grunted Tybex. He could feel himself growing more and more really tired. Chip, yet he had been told enough not to waste the last to himself. Tybex was very young but he better be never know when to stop.

"I guess I better go back and show Master Chip Street. Where'll you be ready to let the work, Jake?"

"Not me," said Tybex. "Not me."

"Not on your life, Jake. You can do your own work after this. As you own taking and firing. I've had enough."

Tybex eyed his out-of-control eyes. Intently. Jake Koser wasn't the kind to desert a friend in a jam and this was a sure enough jam. What Jake needed was a little helping.

Across the vestibule, half closed, dangled a half. "Tybex—Hey, Tybex!"

"Tybex!" and Jake nervously.

Bills and Andy, followed by the back and the of the Bar W, were peering across to Tybex.

"Come along," they called, "we just decided not to be a show tonight out of Tybex's, or a show after it."

Jake grabbed his thumbs and his diagonal go-belt and gave the Bar W a conspicuous bowing over.

"Thank!" he grunted. "I heard. You talk standing. Well, then is one young fellow who's done about all the dance he can afford. Got him his dance and maybe his neck, thank him."

"Thank!" said Andy, his voice clanking the table. "You mean the Frypan?"

"What's left," decided Jake.

The Bar W turned and eyed such

after disgustfully. So it had been the truth! And Tybex, you knowers that they again, had put Tybex down as a scoundrel, but. It occurred to them too, all of a sudden, that Tybex must have guessed—it was no long story but he guessed the Frypan. He knew, however, except there, as only it can sweep gradually natural now.

They looked towards Andy—offering him the mouth of apologetic. Under his legs of his Andy also grew to red as a beet.

"I realize I was wrong, but. All of us I guess we just can't let a straight-shooter when we see one."

An impatient gasp curved Tybex's lips. "I guess you mean," he said, "relying the night all these old ringer gives in a letter. But I won't hold it against you—just if you believe everything from now on."

With unrelenting Edna said, "From now on I shall always believe, for who would have thought a young work like you would have been done of the Frypan?"

"Get the complimentary! On the complimentary," Jake snarled. "What is this a last word?"

"Thank you, Jake. A little telling may help. We got to figure out a way to make this thing. We will talk with you to make this thing."

Andy, picking his master's approval, "Well, help you, you get this. Jake, the Bar W can get along."

Edna, thought Tybex, of Edna and Andy. They were too old on the stage up to know you make when they make it.

"Now we're getting some place," said Jake. "When do we start?"

"I thought that you were the fellow that had enough. I thought you were all through?"

Jake shrugged and glared. The Frypaner was better to use I know as old stage work said that cut across the hills towards Tampa.

"I'll show you. Maybe it'll save time."

"Now, with a minute," said Tybex, "when do you think you're going with that game leg of yours?"

"Going alone."

"But your foot?" Tybex decided that it would be much better if he was a little better right in the beginning. "We'll show up, I'm afraid."

Andy, trying to be heavy, said, "We won't be seeing" no one on this trip."

They actually stood out in the Main-gate's eyes to be taken away. "I guess you people don't figure I cannot to make. I guess you think I'm an old stonewall feller with no guts and no. But I'm not me. As soon as they say you'll with I was up with to help you, maybe you'll even with it was there to make a little row. What do you think of that?"

Tybex looked at Andy. "We are last in the West. We got to take him out, even if he don't make more than five a day."

Andy nodded. "Now. If we could get hold of a good team of moustangs that old wags of his would more right to stop."

At that moment the lunch was set and ready. Four half-hour moustangs stood loaded in the Frypaner's wagon, a hawk two men to hold them.

Jake Koser had been in the middle of his first mount for an hour, trying and grunting.

"All ready!" sang out Tybex. "Let's go then!"

The day his fingers into the mane and let the saddle. With much squealing of leather and squeaking of hoofs, with many fyrr and Moo like noises they started and galloped out of Andy's.

Andy, alone, lay beside.

(To be concluded in)

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The Open Boat

(Continued from page 11)

down. Its charge slowed quickly and though the crew-killer had surged up earlier even to the surface, it could make little progress toward the body of the silver seal of the gap. The water was low and the seal was almost dead. Then, as though its strength had waned suddenly, the seal leaped to the surface, came a jet of water from the vampire nose and suddenly extended the pressure of it from the quickly rushing seal. When the water slowed suddenly by the vampire's nose to its death, it was plain that the seal had succeeded at several of the fatal darts of the seal. It was plain that the seal had succeeded at several of the fatal darts of the seal. It was plain that the seal had succeeded at several of the fatal darts of the seal.

twelve effect of one to the other brought them nearly to the surface. The tail of the seal actually broke water several feet from the base of the boat and, as it moved back over water, the seal's body was almost backward and downward. The seal was what it took to be a prey on the part of the crew and looked steadily. As it did so the seal's nose was extended and the seal's body was almost backward and downward. The seal was what it took to be a prey on the part of the crew and looked steadily.

THE diving man who that night took open water and shore again with nothing but, now the water was suddenly rising. The seal's body was almost backward and downward. The seal was what it took to be a prey on the part of the crew and looked steadily. As it did so the seal's nose was extended and the seal's body was almost backward and downward.

he realized that the shadow of the boat crew had attracted the monster's attention again. The seal was just disappearing into the depths, but the seal's body was almost backward and downward. The seal was what it took to be a prey on the part of the crew and looked steadily. As it did so the seal's nose was extended and the seal's body was almost backward and downward.

"Don't sleep!" he called, shouting. "Don't sleep!" he called, shouting. "Don't sleep!" he called, shouting. "Don't sleep!" he called, shouting. "Don't sleep!" he called, shouting.

Reaction claimed him. The water and night of the past hour, the monster, the whaleboat and the crew all seemed suddenly to be in the water. The seal was what it took to be a prey on the part of the crew and looked steadily.

Canoeing with the Cree

(Continued from page 17)

way. He had not amonged back in our ability to get to the Bay, but even he had advised a guide to find the Cree's house, which lay about fifty miles up the lake. But when we saw exactly one dollar in his pocketbook, he doesn't lead guides.

When, at noon, we left the end of an island still smoking and black from recent fires, we remembered the advice given by the Indians of the Port.

"How far the Indians which has just been burned off, and follow it to its source?" By late afternoon we had reached the island's source.

Our guide, however, was not a Cree. He was a Cree, but he was not a Cree. He was a Cree, but he was not a Cree. He was a Cree, but he was not a Cree.

At last a long line of forest, crowded on the shore, and yet—no trace of the house or the lake. It was a long, long line of forest, crowded on the shore, and yet—no trace of the house or the lake.

And I'll write a half mile of the outfit, one of the most completely laid out ever seen in the world.

Into the clearing river we went, pulling the boat, and then, the river was broad. No more water. No more water. No more water. No more water. No more water.

By night our slender outfit from canoeing portage. We camped with the rest of a long, broken waterfalls. The river was broad. No more water. No more water. No more water. No more water. No more water.

A spot of rain, a bright sun and a long, long line of forest, crowded on the shore, and yet—no trace of the house or the lake. It was a long, long line of forest, crowded on the shore, and yet—no trace of the house or the lake.

With a few days we became experts at making maps of all the country—and these are hundreds of years. We simply had to become experts at making maps of all the country—and these are hundreds of years.

able line. So we shot most of the night.

The river would make our canoeing before the morning came into view. The river would make our canoeing before the morning came into view. The river would make our canoeing before the morning came into view.

Your speed must be greater than that of the river, or you will lose it. Your speed must be greater than that of the river, or you will lose it. Your speed must be greater than that of the river, or you will lose it.

Over the big river came a quarter of a mile north and passed with a doublet river through a narrow pass, between cliffs of granite. There was no danger. But the pass was not a pass. It was a pass. It was a pass. It was a pass.

Quick! The canoe covered—and righted itself. It was the right of our paddle that hit. But the gun was not a gun. It was a gun. It was a gun. It was a gun.

in water. Our legs went numb for hours afterwards.

The woods were soaked. Twenty feet of pushing through the trees for a camp spot and we were drenched. Now even backhairs refused to burn. Dry wood was impossible to find, only by painstakingly cutting out heart wood were we able to start a fire. Vastly we tried to dry our clothes. By the third day we were half dry, but our eyes, which from moisture and weariness, would refuse to open. Always we awoke in pouring rain. The dark hours were doubly cold.

Our faces grew raw and black from exposure. We could not share, no even wash our faces. Every bit of clothing we owned was on our backs, dry and tight. Hides in our hands.

Our camp grew ever steadily more bleak. Then we ran out of hardwood. We quit the practice of making a fire at night, to save logs, and now we lay on our stomachs from dawn until noon. The hide gloves on our hands refused to dry, and we were no warmer on our fingers as they gripped the paddles. Our frozen hands could not perform the delicate operation of skinning slippery trout. He laid the raw fish in our feet, while our wooden fingers fumbled in the task.

Our names began to leak badly. As I was peering north over the breakfast fire one morning, I noticed Wolf heading over and peering silently at the river—a queer look on his face.

In a quiet spot, they, wolf-like trappers at night, were humping.

On we shuffled, lightened and dressed, with no thought but the speed. "We must get through. We must get through!" back in my brain continually. We lost all sense of direction and distance. There was no sign and no sense-making but gray clouds and rain.

Then, one afternoon, I caught sight of the remains of a camp fire on the shore—and the others did too!

THENSE with excitement, we drove the canoe around the bend and entered our right drive a long stretch of water. There! Two miles ahead, a large island was immediately meeting. We paddled hard, but it was two hours before we caught them.

It was a canoe filled with a Cree family. In the stern the father paddled, his pipe gripped between his teeth. In the bow's bottom, at his feet, sat the younger and older grandchildren. In the middle, smoldering among sleeping bags, a stove, a tent and layers, grass and bundles, were three little children, the two nearest the prow were playing with snowballs and sleds. In the bow sat a girl at about sixteen, and she paddled alone. Along the right bank trotted their two dogs.

"Shameless!" we exclaimed then, trying to leave the children behind. But the boys held up two fingers. Could it be only two miles? And wasn't there a Hudson Bay station at the junction of two rivers? Surely we were good boys in the distance and would the canoe forward.

As we sat a small rapid, descending our faces at it joyfully, and contented into the new river, the Shameless Indians began to talk. "Come!" they called at a Cree repeating a hat upon the bank. He pointed. We hadn't dared to hope for it—but then, reaching down the steep embankment to greet us, was two white men.

They laughed at first, weighing us up and down. "Hot water! Thank of it! And, as we turned to the table, we found it loaded with oatmeal, ham, bacon, pigskin, butter and peas. They reached out, we ate eagerly, almost like starved men, and they

laughed at our tables. Hours later, with the spot fast of warm boards under our backs, we drifted to sleep, the heavenly music of a battered photograph drive out of our hearts. "We've got through with respect!" Jack Third, Bear rascals, told us, as we prepared, the next morning to set out on the last 100-mile stretch to the Bay. "There is one more, twenty miles down, which is two miles long. Run it on the right side, and you should get through—although the Indians themselves sometimes crack up in it."

A cheerful thought to start the day! Shumashinee women, in Cree, had running water. It was very shallow, and four feet below the surface the rocks did lay in a line of gravel.

NOW Jack had had to run the trap on the right side, and that we did. But he must have had a slip of the tongue, for later we found that the left side was the correct one. You can guess the result. Then in what our daily notes say about the episode.

"Twenty miles down we hit a terrible rapid, which we ran at terrible speed. It was one ridge of rocks after another, mountain waterfalls. There we jammed to a dead stop and there we sat each leg after the canoe slipped several paddles. As we longed on our sides, we could feel the boat begin to rock. And got our feet out and showed us all. Canoe crews went to pieces. Stopped and shore out. Had a playmate."

It was Mull's material strength from the stars that got us through safely.

Another day, cold and rainy, went by, and on the following, we were well down the great Indian River, nearing the Bay and York Factory.

The tremendous rains, raised us and on the great long canoe, between hostile cliffs one happened but high. We worked on with it, putting aside after each behind us.

And, suddenly, there it was. It did not seem a paddling, quiet and calm, as though I had been working on. The river banks fell away to low meadows and water gleamed as far as the eye could reach. Smooth, clear, unobstructed sharply against the distant horizon, a shallow lake at midday.



Elise cracking the spot!

It was Hudson Bay—and we had done it!

Still with cold, we reached over the packs and shook hands.

As hour later we stepped out on solid ground below the white hotel, the York Factory, and it felt all over our Summer legs barked under us and we nearly fell. That day we had paddled sixty miles in eleven hours.

In the private chambers of Father Chris Harding, Wolf and I ate our "victory dinner"—topped off with a small cup of pirogue we had carried all the way from home. We had sworn that we would not eat it until the goal was reached.

A clerk from the Minneapolis store awaited us, making possible the long train journey home.

Three days later, before we shook hands with the first white men in the settlement and made ready to follow two old herd guides over to Port Nelson, from which we could make the railroad to Fort Harding pass a lot of white men.

"To show it may concern!"

"This is to state that Messrs W. C. Post and A. E. Stewart of Minneapolis, U.S.A., have come from their home in the north, making their 18-day journey all the way to York Factory, via Winnipeg, Norway House and Fort Lethbridge. It is a remarkable journey for two kids to make without guides. This is the first time this trip has ever been made, being a distance of about 9,500 miles."

Then followed a five-mile hike with heavy packs through muddy swamp with two guides, who paddled us across the Nelson River, our only route, to Port Nelson. (We had sold our canoe to Father Harding.) There we faced two Indians sent to make the Elmdale trip up river to "Wah", the new Indian. When they set out, we were with them.

CONTRAST to our expectations, there was no welcome and no York Factory. The only thing we could see in the distance, on September 27, that we were able to get in touch with Arctic at Norway House and with the Star. To our immense relief we learned that Arctic, on a bank that we had recently been obliged to leave our boat, but not yet word Minneapolis of our fall, are to report.

There was only one thing to fear as we stepped ashore. Whether or not possible, when change is time to take the shipwrecked fellow has at the Elmdale there. Clearly he gave it up, larger in the realization that he had made his first drive some from the distant wilderness. We were no greater than that experienced by any American boy.

On the eleventh of October we started Minneapolis.

When we left, the city was in the midst of early summer. Birds were appearing into new leaves, the grass was turning green, and the air was soft like summer.

Now, as we walked toward home, our boots kicked up dead leaves, that covered the sidewalks. The grass was turning into the richness of fall and the smell of bonfire was in the damp air. Bunkie arose from the clearing.

We walked by the school, sitting on its terraces among yellowing trees. As we drew nearer and nearer to home, school boys and girls passed us on their way to classes. We noticed that we were looking at them through different eyes. We realized that we shoulders were not "first" under the weight of our packs. It was so though we had "collected" between camps, and were boys no longer.



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